

SEPTEMBER

BUSY MAN'S



MAGAZINE



Country Homes
of Notable Canadians

How the
Governor-General Earns
His Salary

Canada and the
Drama

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

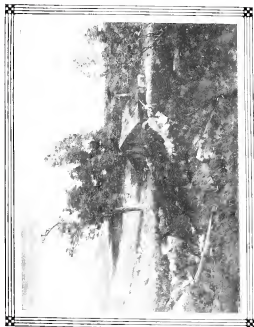
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CANADIAN NATIONAL ART GALLERY SERIES, No. 9
A HILLMAN, GEORGE
Painted by WILLIAM WATSON, A.C.A.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVIII TORONTO SEPTEMBER 1909 No. 5

How the Governor-General Earns Salary

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

\$50,000 a year! Does a Governor-General of Canada earn such a salary? Can he live on it?

Those but little acquainted with the functions of a Governor, his daily duties, his obligations, social and otherwise, the demands made upon his time, his hospitality and his purse, will naturally declare offhand that, in a young and by no means wealthy country like Canada, no man, in a purely administrative arena or gubernatorial capacity, is worth anything like this sum of the people's money. They will concede perhaps that, in an exalted executive position in a big business concern like a chartered bank, a railway corporation, or an insurance company, a man may hold an office in which his ability, foresight and judgment are worth \$50,000 annually to the interests he serves.

And yet \$50,000 is not all! A Governor-General is provided with an official residence known as Rideau Hall. It nestles among many cedar and pine trees to the east of the Rideau River, and is a place of tall chimneys, gray

walls, and inartistic extensions. The property was formerly the home of the Hon. Thomas McKay and was bought by the government in 1864, as a dwelling for vice-royalty. Since the building was acquired it has been considerably added to by the Government and various Governors-General until to-day it is a quaint, picturesque and interesting structure, but one scarcely in keeping with modern styles of architecture or the demands of its eminent occupants. The cost for all repairs and nearly all additions has come out of the public exchequer, while the furnishings are almost wholly provided by the purse of the people.

In addition to all this the representative of the Crown receives several allowances. There is, for instance \$8,000 granted annually for the heating and lighting of Government House, while the salaries of the staff are for the most part borne by the nation. A few years ago the travelling concession was raised from \$5,000 to \$25,000 a year. Thus expense is piled up and the ratepayer in a demo-



USED AT HOME.

THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT CANADA.

cratic land like Canada—young in years, full of life and hope, rich only in resources rather than cold cash—stands back, rubs his eyes and wonders where the disbursements for officialdom are going to end. Is it worth it? Can the country stand such a high figure for royal representation? Can it financially afford such a costly part of our legislative system? Along with the furnishings, maintenance and repair account of Rideau Hall it involves the Dominion in an expenditure of something like \$25,000 a year.

In the early nineties, when the Liberals did not occupy the treasury benches, Hon. James McMillen, would rise from his seat in the Commons Chamber, for he then represented North Wellington, and, with the Auditor-General's report on his desk, would be warning finger and in a strong voice thunder against the heavy outlay. He knew all about the quality, price and number of the nap-

kins, towels and tablecloths purchased for Rideau Hall, and whether they were needed or not. Such petty affairs were discussed on the floor of the House by a few bitter partisans, but to-day appropriations in that direction are seldom if ever called into question, unless it be an expenditure of several thousands in the estimates for an extension to the building, which, if it were not occupied by vice-royalty, would be referred to as a "thing of shreds and patches."

Why the change? There are many reasons. One is that Canada has become a nation, the people are more liberal in sentiment, broader in outlook and more prosperous in pocket. They recognize that the scale of living and entertaining has increased, and that the representation in its ability, activity and efficiency has been strengthened. A Governor-General is not a stranded peer nor an impetuous adventurer temporarily out of a job sent out by the Imperial authorities to



HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY, G.C.M.G., G.C.B., AND STAFF

SEATING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Col. Sir John Robinson, Witham, K.C.M.G., C.B.E.; Military Secretary, Arthur P. Hutton, Esq.; Private Secretary, Vincent Lanchester, A.D.C.; Capt. R. H. C. Norton, A.D.C.; C. Leveson-Gower, Esq., Chaplain.

a colony at a fat salary, to bow officially before parliament twice a year and socially on many occasions, to act as a sort of rubber stamp on official documents, a drawing card at smart functions, and enjoy the best in the land at the expense of "tax-payers," as some persons dearly love to call themselves.

Serving the country and its people in the capacity of a direct representative of the reigning monarch is a serious business—a highly responsible post—yet still the question crops up, does a Governor-General of Canada earn his salary? Can he live on it—how expensive are the entertainments that he gives, how many do tradition and precept impose upon him, and in general how does he conduct himself and put in his time during the term of his official residence in the Dominion?

The Governors-General of Canada since Confederation, which may fit-

tly be termed the Birthday of the Dominion, have been Viscount Monck, Lord Lisgar, The Earl of Dufferin, The Marquis of Lorne, The Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Stanley of Preston, afterwards the Earl of Derby, The Earl of Aberdeen, and The Earl of Minto. The present incumbent is the Right Honorable Sir Albert Henry George, Earl Grey, who was appointed in September, 1904, and sworn in as administrator on December 10th of the same year. In the natural course of events he would have followed the precedent established by his predecessors, with the exception of Lord Dufferin and Lord Minto, and retired after holding office for five of the six years of his appointment. His tenure of Rideau Hall was sometime ago extended another year, making the full term, which is a strong compliment to his personal qualifications for the office and an appreciation of his splendid

work in connection with the Quebec Tercentenary celebration and other occasions wherein he has done much to solidify Canadian national life.

A reference to the staff, who assist His Excellency in his administrative and social duties is interesting. In personnel, it consists of the Secretary to His Excellency and Military Secretary, Sir John Hanbury-Williams; the Aides-de-camp, Captain Newton, Duke of Cambridge Own, Middlesex Regiment; Lieut. Viscount Lascelles, late Grenadier Guards, and Captain Pitt, The King's Royal Rifle Corps; the Comptroller of the Household, Mr. C. Leveson-Gower; His Excellency's Private-Secretary, Arthur F. Sladen; Assistant Secretary, Chas. Jones, I.S.O., and civil service clerks, Messrs. Walker and Periera. The official duties of Sir John Hanbury-Williams, who has an office in the East Block adjoining that of the Governor-General, are to supervise and reply to all official and military communications, foreign despatches and correspondence, and other matters of an executive and diplomatic character. The Private Secretary to His Excellency, Mr. Sladen, in conjunction with Sir John has charge of the regular mail matter and acts in both an advisory and confidential capacity. For instance, many invitations are daily received asking the Governor-General to lay corner stones, to open public buildings, hospitals and charitable institutions in various cities and towns, to attend important educational, scientific, historical and other gatherings, to officially inaugurate fall fairs, to visit different corners on the occasion of old boys' reunions or local celebrations, to address Canadian clubs, to be present at convocation exercises of colleges and universities, and to preside at many other functions. Whether or not the representative of the Crown accepts depends largely upon the nature and character of previous appointments. All these and other relative matters are carefully weighed and all necessary information presented by the secretary

when the invitation is laid before the Governor-General. A social calendar is kept by the secretary. The dates for the present and many months ahead have to be consulted and His Excellency acquainted with what engagements he already has in hand. It then rests with him as to his compliance or otherwise with the requests. Decisions are not hastily reached, as many things have to be taken into consideration. Sometimes the date mentioned is too far distant for a definite answer to be given. However, once accepted an engagement becomes a fixture, the day on the diary is marked off and nothing is allowed to interfere with the arrangement for that occasion. If the affair is an out-of-town one all necessary details for the itinerancy, transportation, etc., are made by the Comptroller.

There are certain fixed social functions, which precept and tradition declare as inviolable obligations on the part of a Governor-General. These constitute a list of gayeties that invariably come off at Rideau Hall during a session of parliament. Among these are the State Dinner—on the King's birthday, the drawing room in the Senate Chamber at the opening of parliament, a State ball held usually in the month of May and His Excellency's levee on New Year's Day. Then there are dances at Christmas time, skating and tobogganing parties every Saturday afternoon in the winter season, dinners and other brilliant entertainments. The number of musical and dramatic events held under "Vice-Royal Patronage" is almost appalling. This rather formidable roll of festivities constitutes only a comparatively unimportant part of gubernatorial obligations, or, perhaps, business would be a more applicable term. It is not alone in the Capital that the Governor-General entertains. Montreal, Toronto, Quebec and other cities have claims upon his consideration. Twice a year he usually spends several weeks in Canada's commercial metropolis occupying the handsome residence of Lord Strathcona where



HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY, P.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

receptions and dinners are held frequently. A house is generally taken in Toronto during the spring meet of the Ontario Jockey Club when Their Excellencies are at home to household and visit institutions of learning, public charities and places of interest. The Citadel at Quebec is often the temporary abode of the representatives of royalty and the scene of much hospitality on their part. When the Vice-Royal court is transferred to any of these cities the staff and several attaches of the household are necessarily included. It may incidentally be observed that the expense of this constant round of social attractions—at the Capital and other cities—is personally borne by the Governor-General. Not a dollar comes out of the national exchequer.

Regarding the patronage of entertainments this is, of course, quite voluntary. As a general rule, Their Excellencies give their patronage to any concert, recital or dramatic performance of a deserving charity, or to any talented professional or amateur artists of any kind. In doubtful cases patronage is not given. It is, however, often extended when Their Excellencies cannot be present. By this is meant that patronage does not imply they will be there in person, but it does mean that they approve and encourage the object or character of the enterprise, with the inevitable result that the attendance and interest are invariably increased.

When a Governor-General leaves Canada, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, at once becomes the Administrator and a proclamation is issued to that effect vesting him with all the necessary power and authority to serve in his stead. The Administrator receives one-quarter of the gubernatorial salary, the other three parts going to the Governor-General. At one time it was the Commander of His Majesty's forces in British North America who acted as Governor, but as he was at Halifax, this frequently caused considerable

inconvenience. Several years ago this was changed and now it is always the Chief Justice of Canada who is entrusted with the duties. Should the Chief Justice be absent then the Justice, who takes his place as head of the Supreme Court acts. It is not considered long going for one Governor-General, at the expiration of his term, to remain in the Capital until his successor arrives. They generally pass on the ocean unless the departing one reaches England before the new incumbent of Government House sets sail.

The duties of the aides-de-camp are largely of a social character. Once a date is fixed for any function, sending out the invitations, assisting in the reception of guests and looking after their comforts are such in the hands of these gentlemen. All preliminaries and formal arrangements are carried out by them. Whenever Their Excellencies attend a musical or dramatic entertainment, public ceremonial or private reception, one or more of the A. D. C.'s is in attendance. Their presence at any function is considered desirable. They accompany Vice-Royalty on practically all visits and tours, adjust all details as to the hour of arrival and departure, the part the distinguished visitors take in the proceedings and give attention to many other matters of moment. The Comptroller of the Household has complete charge of all internal affairs, expenditures, servants and other arrangements. He is really the business manager of Rideau Hall.

With respect to official dress, at the opening and closing of parliament, and at all state functions, the personal representative of His Majesty wears the first class of the Civil uniform, which is worn in Canada only by a Governor-General and the members of the Imperial Privy Council. The Military Secretary and "the aides" wear the uniforms of their respective regiments on all State occasions and the Private Secretary wears the fifth class Civil uniform. At less pretentious affairs the members of the staff are dis-

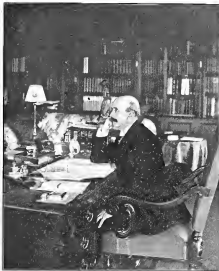


ANNEBELL GREY

tinguished by the colored facings on their evening coats, which, in the case of the present regent are light blue.

Outside of the social customs and courtesies traditional to his office a Governor-General has many affairs of State to attend to, and the present occupant has proved a worthy and eminently qualified successor of the able men who have preceded him. He closely identified himself with the welfare and interest of the Canadian people. He has visited every one of the nine provinces of the Dominion and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the person in every walk and condition of life and with the country, its rich resources and extensive expansion. His addresses on all occasions are marked by earnestness, optimism, thoughtfulness and practical common sense. They are no mere platitudes, no meaningless deliveries, but are of a character that reveal the capacity, faith and shrewd insight of the man. His Excellency

is an industrious reader of both English and Canadian journals. All mediums bearing on the topics of the day, as well as history, biography, works of travel and discovery, are constantly consulted. An early riser, he often begins the day by reading a few minutes in bed. He gets up at eight o'clock and breakfasts at nine, but frequently dictates some letters before partaking of the morning meal. In his large private room at the northeast angle of Rideau Hall he spends a busy forenoon in company with his secretaries—first with Sir John Hanbury-Williams and then Mr. Arthur Sladen—confines with both gentlemen Foreign despatches, parliamentary communications, orders-in-council, and other official documents are there in abundance, to which prompt attention must be directed. Then there are epistolary matters of a more personal character which have to be considered. There are letters of every kind, not a few of which are solicitations for sub-



HIS EXCELLENCY AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE



OFFICE OF HIS EXCELLENCY—PRIVATE STUDY

scriptions to various causes and institutions, worthy and unworthy. By the time the nature of all the replies are dictated or indicated mid-day has arrived.

Twice a week when Parliament is in session, the Governor-General comes up to his office in the east block, where he generally sees Ministers, Senators and Members of Parliament. He arrives about twelve o'clock and it is frequently half-past one before he is through. Sometimes he drives from Rideau Hall to the buildings, frequently he makes the journey mounted on one of his Ex-

cellency's saddle horses, and often, if the weather is fine, he walks, for he is a good pedestrian and fond of exercise. Occasionally he lunches at the Rideau Club, but generally under his own roof. In the afternoons he drives, rides or attends some public function—and there are many of them in Ottawa. His Excellency is a frequent visitor to the Geological Survey building, the National Museum, Art Gallery, Archives, and other places of interest. In the winter he skis, snow-shoes or curls, and between these pastimes and pursuits he reads. In the summer he plays golf, cricket, and

does not disdain a game of lawn bowling. He is a good traveler, fond of fishing and an enthusiastic patron of the turf. Randy has his own evening entirely free. There are dinner parties, entertainments under Vice-Regal auspices and other fete which people derive a pleasure most attend. During an evening he enjoys a good game of billiards in a rubber of bridge, and usually retires about eleven o'clock.

He is often in consultation with the First Minister and other members of the Cabinet, discussing important affairs of state, public policy, or diplomatic relations, and offering suggestions and counsel to his advisers. Above all things, Earl Grey is no mere figurehead. Cabinet Ministers, as perhaps no one else, well know this.

All distinguished visitors to the Capital are invited to Rideau Hall. Selkirk does a week pass without some illustrious stranger being entertained under its roof and there is oftentimes a house party besides. Practically all strangers, eminent in affairs of Church or State, renowned in scholarship, literature or discovery, spend part if not all of their time during their stay in Ottawa as guests at Government House. Earl Grey takes a deep interest in so many public movements and large undertakings like the Public House trust in England, the cause of social reform, the fight against tuberculosis, the progress of Canadian clubs, the Quebec Battlefields' fund, by which the historic Plains of Abraham are preserved for the people of Canada for all generations, the improvement of the condition of the working classes, public libraries, hospitals and charities, not to speak of the immigration and success of his musical and dramatic competitions, that he is always anxious to discuss matters with the leaders in any sphere of activity. His concern in all these things is not merely polite and perfunctory. It is deep-rooted. Personally, Earl Grey is a genial, kindly and unassuming man, with sufficient reserve of dignity

to never forget his exalted station, but he rightly entertains high ideals of his office. He meets the people in a cordial and unaffected manner and neglects no opportunity to be a helpful, useful citizen of Canada.

Comprehensively, this is how a Governor-General earns his salary, and it must be admitted, in view of his generous hospitality in Ottawa and other cities, the liberal scale on which these entertainments are conducted and demands of all kinds made upon one occupying such an important post, that he earns every dollar he receives. It is an open secret that a Governor-General of Canada, unless possessing private means, cannot live on his salary. The precedent set by previous rulers and the elaborate manner in which many of them are carried out, must be lived up to, and Earl Grey is not a rich man. Since the days of Lord Dufferin, the social demands of a Canadian viceroi have been exacting, and to-day are increasing rather than diminishing. With the rapid growth of Canada in influence and prestige, the development of the country, the increased cost of the necessities as well as the luxuries of life and the general advance in all lines, it is recognized that a Governor-General on \$50,000 a year salary—even with the other allowances—can scarcely make ends meet.

Many brilliant fetes have been given at Rideau Hall under previous regimes. The famous fancy ball of Lord and Lady Dufferin is still remembered as one of the most spectacular episodes in the gay Canadian Capital. The scene of the ball-room on that memorable occasion is one that never will be forgotten. Next in splendor and magnificence in the social annals of the vice-regal court stands the historic ball given by the Aberdeens in the Senate chamber. It was a great, intellectual and enjoyable event, and served an admirable purpose in that, by the researches in the records of Canadian history which the arrangement of costumes entailed, Canadians—and particularly those

present on that auspicious occasion—were made more familiar with the story and advancement of their own country from its earliest period. The dance given in Toronto a few years ago by the Aberdeens is reported to have cost the Earl no less than \$15,000, and this function was by no means as gorgeous as some others carried out under their auspices. While the tone and color of entertainments may differ according to the taste, inclinations and wealth of the occupants of Government House, there is a list of gayeties, receptions, levees, dinners and parties that have always held sway at the vice-regal residence in Ottawa, and for which a Governor-General must bear all the expense out of his salary. One gets an insight into the pursuits and predilections of these great men on hearing that the toboggan slide and curling rink on the grounds were put up by Lord Dufferin, the racquet court by the Marquess of Lorne, and the chapel by Lord Aberdeen.

It is safe to say that, in the last thirty or thirty-five years, no Governor-General has left Rideau Hall at the expiration of his term who has not departed from \$50,000 to \$60,000 poorer in pocket than when he took the oath of office. The strain on his purse is far greater than he perhaps anticipated, but he has always bravely stuck to his post and has not been known to make complaint that the allowance was not ample. It will thus be seen that the pathway of a Governor-General is not always of a primrose character, but that he has exactions and demands made upon him of which, perhaps, when coming to this country he little dreamed. The Governors-General of Canada since Confederation have generally speaking left behind them the impress of useful, serviceable lives, and on their return to the old land have never lost opportunity to proclaim the praises of the Dominion and to make more widely known its advantages and resources, the development and destiny of the people to whom they have endeared themselves.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN HIS OFFICE, 1910-1911



CHECKING BAGS AND PARCELS OF MAIL.

Handling Transatlantic Mails

TRANSLATED BY MAX BRUNNER

From the Hamburger Beilage

AT THE end of 1908 the Government of the United States closed a contract with Great Britain according to which ordinary letters weighing not more than half an ounce cost only two cents, or one penny, either way. It was feared that the postal administrations would suffer great losses, but the number of letters increased so enormously that scarcely any loss in receipts was noticeable. In addition, the United States were so satisfied that they made a similar agreement with the German Empire, which went into force this year. It remains only that the latter country come to a similar understanding with Great Britain to make the link complete.

The ideal arrangement of course would be the universal introduction of

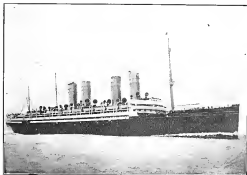
penny postage throughout the civilized world and it is certain that it is bound to come in time. The above mentioned nations have made an experiment and as it has proved successful, it should show that general penny postage can be safely adopted. In Germany it is much regretted that only letters to the United States are favored in the reduction, not those for the whole continent of America including Canada. Besides the above mentioned countries domestic postage exists already between Great Britain and Canada, between the United States and Cuba, the Philippines, Canada and Mexico, and between Germany and Austria, Hungary and Russia.

At the present time it might be interesting to learn something about the

immense quantity of mail now sent to the principal countries and the way of handling it. In Europe alone which leads the world in this respect there were dispatched in 1908, according to the latest and most reliable information of the German Imperial Statistical Bureau, 9½ billion letters, 3½ billion postals, 9 billion printed matter, 375 million money orders, 575 million parcels and 52 million packages with registered value. Of the European states and of the world, too, Germany takes the lead. That country handled in a year no less than 7 1-3 billion packages of all kinds. Only after a long interval Great Britain follows with 4½ billions, France with 3½ billions, Austria Hungary with 2 billions, Russia with 1 1-3 billions, and Italy with one billion. All kinds of correspondence show increases, the time honored letter, the postal card which was introduced 40 years ago, and the bookpost. However, the distribution of these different classes varies with the countries. The letter for instance

is most used in England and the quantity sent surpasses a little that sent in Germany. England dispatches 2 3-5 billion letters and the German empire 2 3-10 billions a year. The reason is that in that country the postal card is very little used and British firms often regard the postal card as impolite. Indeed, they are extravagant enough to use a letter if the correspondence is only two or three lines. Such a silly practice is not to be found in any other country. Foreign correspondents have suffered a great deal by it, as their postals were seldom answered when letters would have been replied to. It is high time that the postal was as much honored as the letter.

As to other nations France sends 1 1-10 billion letters, Austria Hungary one billion, Russia 596 millions, Italy 301 millions. As regards density of post offices again, Germany and England come first. In the latter one post office comes for each 137 square-kilometer, in Germany for each 138 sqkm., in Italy for each 326, in France



THE KAISERWILHELM DER GROSSE.

THIS SHIP AND HER SISTER SHIP THE KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE CARRY POST OFFICERS



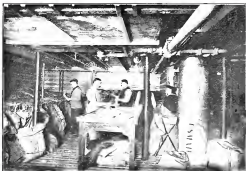
A GERMAN MAIL SHIP IN HAMBURG HARBOUR.

for each 445, in Austria for each 500 and in Russia for each 1,777 sqkm. With respect to the number of inhabitants the best supplied nation is again the German Empire, for one postoffice station is placed for each 1,552 citizens, in Great Britain for 1,850 people, in Italy for 3,791, in France for 3,232, in Austria for 3,500, in Russia for each 10,697 inhabitants. The great contrast between the German and the Russian empire is clearly seen hereof.

With reference to countries outside of Europe, the United States heads the list although they do not nearly approach the quantity of mail matter and density of offices of Germany or Britain. Every year 784,000 kilograms of letters are sent across the ocean to which must be added 3,451,000 kg printed matter. But that country receives far more mail matter than it sends out. As an example in one year 11,050,000 ordinary and 186,900 registered letters with 16,000 bags of printed matter went to America via German ports alone. This shows what an immense work is done by the seapost. To handle the above mentioned quantity 8,366 hours were required or 85 to 90 hours for each westward trip. The immense bulk of German mail is due to the fact that the Hamburg and Bremen vessels carry not only mail from the home country but hundreds of bags on each trip from Holland, Switzerland, Austria, and Sweden, to which are to be added those from France and England when the liners call at Dover, Southampton, Havre or Boulogne. On the Atlantic the German companies receive by far the largest part of the European mail. The North German Lloyd line carries 36.3 per cent. of it, the American line 25 per cent., the Hamburg-American line 22 per cent., the British companies 16.5 per cent. or 58.5 per cent. German lines, and 41.5 per cent. foreign ones. As an example we may cite the journey of the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" which carried during one trip in January, 1906, 2,839

bags of letters and bookpost so that instead of the usual two officers' (one German and one American) six officers were required besides some sailors, whilst several empty cabins for passengers were used to store the bags.

The writer had a special opportunity to catch a glimpse of these so-called floating postoffices and herewith gives a brief description. The room where the mail is handled must be at least 110 square feet in area and the steamship company has to heat, light and clean it, also to furnish meals and beds for the officials. All this involves much expense especially as space is valuable on board, and this explains why such sea post offices have only been eight years in use and then only on the principal steamers on the Atlantic. Before that time and now on minor vessels or on other occasions the only thing done was to load the sealed bags on the steamer and register their number until they arrived at the foreign port where they were counted again and turned over to the other post administration. The latter had now to open the bags and assort the contents which resulted in a day's loss in delivery. Considering the ever increasing number and importance of letters, etc., this state of affairs was apt to become unbearable and thus it was decided to introduce sea post offices on the principal routes. The German postmaster, Stephan, is the originator of this institution and issued the special regulations in December, 1899. In April of the following year the German boat "Havre" left Bremen for New York for the first time equipped with a post office. The work of the employees is no pleasure at all and only men of robust health and excellent geographical and other knowledge are accepted. In the average the work per journey is 50,000 ordinary and 700 registered letters, also 75 bags printed matter. It should be taken into account that this immense quantity must be handled in a narrow room and in short time under anything but



WORKING IN A MAIL OFFICE

local conditions, especially when the sea is heavy. The officers have also to sell stamps and other matter, register letters and money, empty the mail-box on board and keep ready such matter as is to be unloaded at a port where the boat calls during transit. By far the heaviest work must be done on the westward trip as here packages from the whole of Europe are to be carried to America while on the return journey the British vessels carry only British matter and the German boats only mail for the home country, France and England. The rest of Europe is served by foreign lines competing the trip to Dutch, Norwegian, Italian, etc., ports. The very worst day is the first on the westward trip, for during those twenty-four hours between Hamburg or Bremen and the calling harbor on the English or French coast all such letters must be picked out from the many thousands which are destined for such other countries, otherwise they would make the journey across the Atlantic and would have to be sent back to England or France, which would mean

a delay of two weeks. In addition it is known that during the first day on the German vessels many hundreds of letters and still more pictorial cards are written on board inevitably addressed to relatives, etc., in Europe. These again must be inspected, stamped and put in bags for the various countries. When then the vessel calls at Southampton or Boulogne this enormous mass must be completed and these bags loaded out to make room for new ones. The officials on the British vessels leaving Liverpool, etc., are better off in this respect for their boats do not call on either trip during transit, besides they handle mostly their home mail.

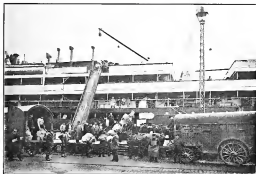
When at last the steamer arrives in the new world all packages are assorted, stamped and placed in the respective bags. They are unloaded before the passengers and the latter may still be occupied with their baggage in the custom house while the letters are already delivered in New York city or have started their railway trip into the interior. Even if a liner arrives during the night and passengers

HANDLING TRANSATLANTIC MAILS

are not permitted to land the mail is always unloaded and at once carried away by the fast teams or mail automobiles.

Where is all this business of assorting and stamping done? There is one working and one or more storage rooms. On the walls of the working room there are two large shelves with boxlike compartments each with the name on it either of a state of America or a big city. To each compartment belong one or more bags

with the same label, for instance Illinois, Colorado, California, Texas, Kentucky or cities like St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, etc. Printed matter is not placed in the shelves but immediately thrown into bags which are suspended with open mouth in special stands. On the eastward trip the labels are exchanged for the titles of English or German provinces, railway routes and the like. After arrival the officers enjoy a few days of well deserved rest.



LOADING MAIL AT LUBBECK, NEAR HAMBURG.

Aby Assisted

By JENNETTE COOPER
From Hampton's Magazine

"DID you notice that woman in gray, Diana?" Miss Sinclair moved her eyebrows as a polite recognition of the fact that she had been addressed, and continued to read.

"The one at the next table who talked all through breakfast; what do you think is the matter with her, Di?"

Diana took time for a glance at her inquiring young cousin: "She is in the New Thought, Grace," she said.

"Yes!" broke in Peter, who was just behind his sister. "She's got the New Thought with a string around its neck."

"What is the New Thought, Diana?"

"Give it up, Honey."

"Well, I thought," said Grace, "that she talked as if you were what you thought you were." Peter bent a glance of deep admiration on his sister.

"By Jove, Grace, you're a wonder!" he murmured. "And you got all that by just listening to a conversation that wasn't meant for you. Now I think I am—"

"Keep still, Peter! Say, Di—"

Miss Sinclair glanced up again. "Did I understand that you were each supplied with an apartment in this hotel?" she queried.

"But I want to find out about the New Thought," said Grace, "and, besides, my room is warm, and yours is nice and cool."

"How about the parlor?" suggested Miss Sinclair, "or the piazza, or the

summer-house, or the tennis court, or the woods, or—"

"I never thought to see such inhospitality," said Peter; "but I only dropped in to say farewell."

"Well, Diana," said Grace, in a voice of determination, "you know that Mr. Gresham I introduced to you last night?"

"Certainly she knows him after you introduced him," said Peter helpfully.

"You know, Di, he is staying at the Hunting Club."

"Yes," said Diana, with polite interest.

"Well, I met him on the links before breakfast, and he thinks you are Mrs. Sinclair."

"That is no matter. You can tell him that I am not."

"But I didn't. You see, Di, he is awfully nice. I used to see him last winter at Uncle Will's; and he doesn't like old maids."

Grace at last had not only an attentive but a conversant audience. She was standing on one foot and kicking the skirt of her dress with the other, in a manner retained from childhood for moments of embarrassment, but she eyed her cousin and her brother argumentatively, as they wiped away the tears of mirth.

"Did you call her Mrs. Sinclair?" demanded Peter. She nodded.

"But anyone can see it in the register, you silly."

"Silly yourself! I put a big blot right in front of her name so that it looks like Mrs."

Peter gasped. "Do you know where you will bring up, young lady?"

"And I called you Mrs. Sinclair to the clerk, too," said Grace, who had regained her assurance now that the news was broken, "and if you go around correcting me, Di, we'll get ourselves talked about."

"Wouldn't that joggle you?" said Peter solemnly. "Our little Grace as a forger."

"I think, Grace," began Miss Sinclair, with sternness, and then the absurdity of it came over her and she broke into laughter. "There is only one thing," she said, when she had got her breath, "you can keep your Mr. Gresham at a distance. I don't like widowers. I prefer the young and fair—the Jackson boy for choice."

"He isn't a widower."

"No, the Jackson boy isn't a widower," said Peter.

"Mr. Gresham isn't a widower. He's a bachelor."

"Good heavens!" said Peter. "And you are trying to put Diana off with an old bachelor. Have you no family feeling?"

"I do wish you'd keep still, Peter. He's awfully popular, Diana; he is so clever, and so handsome, and—"

Diana waved an impatient hand. "Whatever he is," she said, "don't expect me to entertain him. Why, he must be nearly forty."

"He is nothing of the kind."

"Say," broke in Peter, who had been doing some thinking. "Where is Mr. Sinclair supposed to be?"

"There isn't any. She's a widow."

Indignation sat upon Peter's countenance. "I refuse right now to be a party to anything of the kind," he protested firmly. "It is taking a mean advantage just because the man isn't here. Sit and laugh heartlessly if you will, Diana; I am not going to have Sinclair killed off in his absence."

"You are a ridiculous pair," said Diana. "But you understand, Grace, that it is only because I do not intend to see your elderly friend"—Grace sniffed indignantly—"that I do not insist upon your immediately correcting

your misstatements. I should advise your going away by yourself and meditating on the difference between George Washington and Sappho."

"But, Di, if you'd only think that you are Mrs. Sinclair you see you would be."

"And to this has the New Thought led us," ejaculated Peter. "Let us shut it, my childrens!"

On a green bench under a spreading tree sat Diana, and before her stood Mr. Gresham. He was surveying her with interest.

"It is strange that you don't like me, Mrs. Sinclair," he said.

She looked up at him.

"Oh, by your manner," he answered as if she had asked the question. "You refuse to have anything to do with me. How often have I observed you and Grace and Peter having an hilarious time, but no matter how stealthily my approach, how unobtrusively my attempt to share the gaiety, you invariably seek the seclusion of sphinx-like silence. Modestly, I wonder at it."

"You imagine—" she began.

"You are too honest to finish that," he said as she paused. "Besides, why should I imagine it? My opinion would naturally be that you would be glad to have me to talk to—considering the scarcity of people. On the contrary, you never bestow a word upon me unless I hold you up for it."

"I think this time I shall refuse to be held up," with a smile to temper the decision in her voice. The more the acquaintance grew the greater the complications. She picked up her book again, deliberately.

"I will keep very still," he said. There was another green bench under the tree. He sat down on it and laid his hat beside him. He did not even look at her. When she unwillingly glanced at him, over the top of her book, he had his head thrown back and was gazing up into the green branches. He was very handsome. Miss Sinclair found this fact getting mixed up with Sidney Lanier's sympathy when she returned to her book.

She frowned and endeavored to concentrate her mind on the poem. Her neighbor was abnormally quiet. She closed her book and rose. Instantly he was on his feet.

"If you have finished reading I'll walk up with you," he said. There was solemnity in his tone. She smiled in spite of herself.

"I have not finished reading," she said. "I am going down by the lake."

"Then I'll walk down there with you," obligingly. "There are cows."

Frances Diana Sinclair sat down again on the seat she had just left. She did not know whether to be angry or not, and while she was making up her mind Peter's voice came plaintively across the lawn, and the painting Peter followed.

"What is it?" she inquired with some asperity, the situation getting on her nerves. "It is that woman with the bird book," explained Peter in a tone of great exultation. "She made me walk across three fields to listen to a Wheeler and Wilson thrush, and I caught a little sunstroke. And here were you, my appointed protector, having a nice, comfortable, cool, and happy time under a tree." He dropped upon the bench beside her. "Did she ever attack you, Mr. Gresham?" he inquired.

"She never walked me across three fields," said Mr. Gresham. "She only asks me whether I've noticed the cloud effects."

"That's her," asserted Peter. "I never look at the clouds any more. I inquire in the morning if there are to be any effects, and if there are I stay in. I used to be a perfect child of nature, too."

"I think you underestimate that sunstroke Peter," said Diana.

"Perhaps I do, Mrs. Sinclair," he unrepented, and Mr. Gresham noticed how she colored and then laughed. Her face was charming when she laughed, and the fact that all her laughter seemed to be against her will made it all the more alluring. She

straightened out the curves in her red lips and looked at Peter severely.

"Where is Grace?" she asked. "Off somewhere with the Jackson kid. He's been leaving ever since we came, told me he only ran up for a day's fishing."

"How many guests are there? Mr. Gresham appreciated Peter's presence as an aid to conversation.

"Well, there's Mrs. Iverson. She reads Emerson between meals, and she says you are what you think you are."

"It isn't true," said Mr. Gresham. "I thought I was an interesting and agreeable companion, and I am not."

Diana rashly interrupted Peter's demand for light on this statement. "Why, here is Grace," she said, as if she had supposed that young person to be in China.

Grace and the Jackson boy came up, smiling. Grace sat down beside Mr. Gresham and the Jackson boy dropped onto the grass.

"Caught those fish yet, Jackson?" inquired Peter.

"No," said the Jackson boy, solemnly eyeing the sky. "I believe I'll go to-morrow. It's been miserable weather for fishing."

"We have been telling Mr. Gresham about the guests," Peter observed, after he had waited successfully for the Jackson boy to turn crimson. "We began with the New Thought woman, the one that helps you with suggestions, Grace."

"I wish some one would help you with a few in the way of manners," said Grace sharply. "You simply monopolize conversation."

"It is my one little gift. I do what I can with it. If I had your talent—"

"There are only half a dozen guests," put in Diana, with some effect of haste. She laid her hand on Peter's arm, and he subsided with a gentle grin at her. Mr. Gresham fell into a half-tensing conversation with Grace. His manner with her was charming, and such as the Jackson boy could see without a pang. Diana

caught herself smiling once or twice at the badinage. He caught her, too, and smiled quizzically into her eyes. An air of peace hung over the group.

"Jove!" said Peter. "I wish William could come on for the fishing."

"William who?" demanded Grace.

"Why, Mr. Sinclair, of course."

Mr. Gresham passed a little in something he was saying. Grace gave a start and glared at Peter. Diana, who had kept her youthful proneness to laugh at the wrong time, smiled helplessly.

"If he could come on for a week and bring Willie," pursued Peter. Diana gasped. Grace tried to conceal her unwilling mirth in the face of her handsomest friend. Peter sat in pleased and contemplative silence.

"I am afraid," said the Jackson boy, "that they would find it pretty poor fishing."

"Not they," said Peter promptly. "Why, it wouldn't make any difference to Willie and his father—"

"Oh?" Diana appealed to the Jackson boy with sudden animation. "Will you come and show me where that fir balsam is?" she said. "I want to get some for a pillow." She went across the lawn with the Jackson boy. Mr. Gresham did not look up.

"Say, Diana," whispered Peter at her door that night, "he thought you were a widow. He did not say it in words, but I, Peter, could see it. He told me to say that he would not be over to-morrow; he is going to Boston."

Mr. Gresham had been gone three days. Diana had taken advantage of the uninterrupted solitude a deus to extract from Grace and Peter a solemn promise to refrain from all allusions to any husband, departed or otherwise. Now, with a mind at ease she sat on the piazza on the afternoon of Mr. Gresham's return, and denied to herself that she found it a natural and desirable circumstance when his tall, gray-clad figure appeared at the turn in the drive. He came up the steps with his accustomed athletic

stride and shook hands. Diana greeted him smilingly.

Grace and Peter, cackles in hand, came out from the house. "Cows and have a set after you are through talking to Diana," they both urged. They were very fond of Mr. Gresham. But it seemed that Mr. Gresham was not even sitting down.

"I am on any way in the village," he said. "I didn't really mean to stop at all. Please don't count this one up against me. I am coming over later to call." Then he turned to Diana, who was looking unusually lovely in her best white gown with her head thrown against the high back of her chair.

"The world isn't very large after all," he said. "It is the proper preference, isn't it, for saying you've met some one that some one else knows?"

Diana, forgetting her dual role, looked a pleased interrogation. "Did you meet some one that we know?" she asked.

"Yes, I met Mr. Sinclair."

Diana gave a start and stared, her face growing crimson. Peter murmured an exclamation. Grace spoke up excitedly.

"Why, you couldn't," she said and stopped.

"I happened to sit beside him on the train," he explained in answer to her contradiction, "and we got to talking about this place. He was good enough to tell me his name and say that Mrs. Sinclair was staying here. It was rather odd, wasn't it? I had supposed that Mrs. Sinclair, like you and Peter, was from the West." He had kept his eyes from Diana during this speech. Now he turned to her again. "Mr. Sinclair told me that he expected to run up over Monday."

The open-eyed horror with which this was received was too patent to be ignored. Mr. Gresham turned to Peter, who was purple with repressed enjoyment.

"I'll make my formal call later, then," he said easily. "It is nice to be in the hills again." He lifted his hat and went down the steps, avoiding a

look at Diana. The three left behind sat in silence. It was Peter who broke it. "It's up to us, now, to do something," he said briskly.

"In my opinion," said Diana, "you have done quite enough."

"Now, see here, Diana,"—Peter addressed her with griefed firmness—"I'm not going to be blamed for more than I've done. I didn't put Sinclair on that train."

"Well, you insisted on his being alive," said Grace, "and now you see! It gives me the shivers. It's like Frankenstein, or something. You started him out, and now he's going on himself."

"Your little brain is liable to turn with this, Grace," said her brother, looking at her anxiously. "You run along and play with Jackson. Leave it to mature minds to cope with this problem."

"I think," said Diana, "that I will excuse you both from further assistance."

Grace swung her racket excitedly. "Well, all I can say is," she remarked, "that if you had let him stay dead you would have saved yourself a lot of trouble." She started down the steps with a righteous switch of her skirts. Diana got her hat.

"May I ask where you are going?" said Peter.

"I don't know."

"I would offer to go with you," said Peter, "but—"

"It wouldn't do you any good," said Miss Sinclair. She pointed on the big white hat and gave an absent-minded touch to the lace of her high collar. Then she gathered up her skirts and departed.

Left alone, Peter devoted himself to meditation. As the man of the family it was his duty to straighten things out. He would go down by the big elm, intercept Mr. Gresham on his return, and explain matters. He gave Mr. Gresham half an hour longer to get through his errands in the village; then he put "Stalky and Co." in his pocket and strolled leisurely down through the fields to the big elm, and

as he went he revolved in his mind how he and Mr. Gresham would laugh over the mistake, and how he would go back to the hotel and make Diana happy with the news that she was again at liberty to wear her thirty years in honorable spinsterhood. There was a bench under the tree. Peter laid himself down upon it and read.

A half hour later he closed the book with a reminiscent grin and raised himself upon his elbow to look around. One astonished stare he gave and fell back upon the bench. "Oh, my sacred Sams!" said Peter, out of Stalky and Co. Three people were approaching! Up the road from the village came Mr. Gresham. Down the road from the hotel came Diana. Across the fields came Grace!

Diana had reached the bench. She looked down upon the prostrate Peter, and her expression was such as to make that young man roll over and hide his face in his arms.

"I wish," said Diana, sharply, to his shaking back, "that it were possible to lose you for a moment."

"Have you noticed Gresham?" said Grace—

Diana followed his pointing finger; then she sat down heavily on Peter's feet.

Grace climbed the stile in a rush, and descended upon them in a state of red-faced reproach. "Why in the world couldn't you stay away?" she demanded. "I came down here to tell Mr. Gresham—"

"Three souls with him a single thought," said Peter. "If you will remove a hundred and forty pounds of wrath and consternation from my feet, Diana, I will meet the approaching came of all our woes."

Mr. Gresham exhibited no surprise at the sight of the three consorts on the bench. He was looking rather serious. He spoke directly to Diana.

"I, carelessly," he said, "neglected to give you something that Mr. Sinclair asked me to deliver." He proceeded with careful deliberation to look through his pockets, while vary-

ing emotions chased one another across the faces of the waiting trio. "Ah, here it is." He produced and handed to her a flat package.

Diana took it as if it were a bomb, and eyed it unhappily.

"It can't be for me," she said, "I—"

"It is for you," said Mr. Gresham, and Diana, after a helpless look at the others, opened it.

No one of the other three attempted to keep up any conversation while she slowly unwrapped the photograph that the package contained, and held it up before her. Even Mr. Gresham seemed to have forgotten that conversation demanded a lack of interest in other people's packages. They were all openly watching Diana, and Diana was growing redder and redder.

It was a long time that she looked at it. Then she dropped it into her lap and two pairs of eager eyes fell upon it. The other pair smiled into Miss Sinclair's.

"Why," cried Grace, "it's you, Diana! Who is it with you?"

Mr. Gresham answered: "The other is Mrs. John Gresham, a cousin-in-law of mine."

"And you knew all the time." Reproach, relief, indignation, and much embarrassment mingled in Diana's tone; then a little haughty crept in. "I don't understand how you got this," she said.

"There is a note with it," he answered.

Diana was a good deal longer reading the note than she had been looking at the picture. Nor did she lay it down when she had finished. It ran this way:

DEAR BOB: I am sending you this

photograph you have wanted so long. I am sure Diana will not care, though I always meant to write her about your infatuation with her pictured self. By the way, I hear from the Osbornes that she is going to Koor-sage for the summer. Too bad your business is taking you to Europe instead of to the mountains.

Affectionately,
HELEN.

"But how did you see Mr. Sinclair?" said Grace.

Mr. Gresham laughed. "Mr. Sinclair is for you to explain," he said.

Grace's round eyes were still glued to the photograph in Diana's lap.

"I don't understand," she said, "how—"

"A natural desire to get even," explained Peter, "combined with the pernicious influence of the New Thought—"

"But I don't understand how he came to have Diana's picture."

The solemn expression on Peter's face deepened.

"I believe I am beginning to—" he said; then he got slowly to his feet. "You go back and finish your game, Grace. Jackson is waiting. I am going up to the house and find the bird woman. I want to find out whether the yellow-tailed warbler eats seeds or worms." He pulled his still dazed sister after him and they departed across the fields.

Diana folded up the note and sat silent, her eyes on the picture in her lap.

Robert Gresham sat down on the bench beside her.

"Do you understand, Diana?" he said.

IT IS too late to argue about the advantages of industrial combinations. They are a necessity. They may be moral or immoral, but it is folly to condemn all corporations.—John D. Rockefeller.



ENTRANCE GATE TO THE FARM, DISTANCE FROM OAKVILLE

By W. R. MAXWELL.

THE summer home or country house has become part of the equipment and ideal of the present-day millionaire as much as his automobile, his steam yacht, his annual vacation, his horses and his carriages. The older a nation grows and the richer it gets, the more luxury and splendor its people of the wealthy and leisure class enjoy. This manifestation of human nature is witnessed on all sides.

In historic lands it is as common for the prosperous man of affairs to have his rural retreat as it is to have an office or place of business. In the United States the magnificent homes along the Hudson, the St. Lawrence and other rivers and on the Atlantic coast give visible evidence of opulence and ease. In the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and in the various suburbs of the great manufacturing cities, pretty and picturesque villas and mansions abound. In Canada we have not yet reached that stage of in-

dividual or national development wherein we have a large class of citizens who are able to erect ideal and elaborate residences on the borders of some wooded lake or stream or in the midst of a vast estate. It is true that thousands upon thousands have their modest lodges or artistic cottages and, while many of them are very handsome and inviting, they are not planned and built upon the same extensive scale or generously appointed manner as more elaborate, substantial and costly city dwellings. Canada, being comparatively young in years, has not very many inhabitants who have the time, resources and secure financial position to enable them to invest thousands in structures which they can or rather would be able to use only a few weeks or months in the year at the most. But the number is annually increasing and the tendency is perhaps more in the direction of building homes amid pastoral scenes away from the heat, noise and din of the city than



COVENHOOVEN

THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM VAN HAREN ON NANTUCKET ISLAND
OF AMHERST, NEW BRUNSWICK

it is to build a distinctly summer mansion alone. The country home is gradually becoming more and more the ideal of the busy manufacturer,

the over-worked professional man and the merchant prince. With the extension of electric and steam roads, the rapid means of transit and free-



PARLINGSBORO

B. D. MASON'S COUNTRY HOME ON NANTUCKET ISLAND



KABANDAG

SUMMER HOME OF J. C. KENNEDY, MONTREAL

quent service, the use of the automobile and the motor boat, all these things are made possible and the evening or week ends of the big bus-



JAMES HARRIS'S RESIDENCE AT OAKVILLE

MR. WILLIAM STURGEON'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE
REVEALED NEAR NEW HARRIS

hustling man of many interests may be passed away from the place where he has during the day put in so long, weary and anxious hours.

There are more summer homes in the east than in the bustling, aggressive west. The provinces down by the sea have more extended shore lines, are richer in years and possess innumerable sylvan spots and pleasing prominences which appeal irresistibly to men of wealth. In the west, with

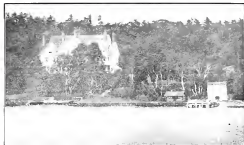
the possible exception of Victoria, the residents have been too busy making money and piling up fortunes. They have not until the last decade been thinking much of quiet, ideal abodes amid bucolic beauty and ample acres. They know that diligence and perseverance will in the end enable them to realize their ambition for an artistic country home or suburban castle.

The call, however, comes daily from all over the vast expanse of open area



ROCKLIFFS FARM

THE RESIDENCE OF WARREN V. MOORE, ENG., OTTAWA



MAPLETON
RESIDENCE OF HON. DAVID MARSHALL, M.P.

"back to the country." It is a refreshing sign—a strong counter current to the tide of humanity citywards. The aims of leisure and subsistence now realize that the joys, freedom, liberty and satisfaction arising from the possession of a commodious and

graceful country home are such as he can never hope to attain in crowded centres. As in older and more populous lands, the tendency and inclination on the part of the wealthy men of Canada are bent more and more in the direction of purchasing

estates in the country. In many ways it is an ideal existence, a decidedly favorable condition of affairs when persons of means and influence find in the country so much that attracts, soothes and comforts. Amid rural scenes they revel in atmosphere and in free associations which they could never hope to have in any urban centre. Here the possessor gets a sense of peace, content and repose which is never linked with the rush and roar of the metropolis while the daily delivery of mail along rural routes, the telephone and other conveniences of modern life have resulted in placing at his very door all that even a great city affords its citizens. In the country there is a wider outlook, a clearer vision, a broader sweep and a rarer atmosphere which all tend to fit one more efficiently for the arduous trials and struggles of everyday life.

There are already a number of pros-

perous Canadians who have greeted expensive and imposing country homes, but their ranks are not yet large. In the next few years with the widening horizon, increasing development and added material prosperity of the country, along with its unrivalled resources, the time is not far distant when every part of the Dominion will boast of its country gentlemen with their estates. By this is not meant a landed gentry, or a feudal system of tenants, but simply a movement on the part of those high in power and strong in influence, that will cause others to appreciate more and more the blessings and privileges of living in the open, and lend to sweet content on a larger scale; the propagation of agricultural ideals and the interpretation of life in its wider and fuller meaning which the possession of a rural refuge always bestows on its possessor.



LESLIE KENTON, M.P.
THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WILSON, M.P.



SENATOR WILLIAM GIBSON'S RESIDENCE AT BEAUVILLE



By
R. P. CHESTER

TRAVELING in the most superb train of private cars ever assembled on a Canadian railroad and accompanied by a staff of officials, whose ability would be the envy of many a crowned head, the president

of the Grand Trunk Railway System, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, G. C. M. G., has been making his first official visit to the company's lines in western Canada. Sir Charles is now quite an elderly man, being seventy-eight years of age. Nevertheless, he is active, both physically and mentally, and makes his annual visit to America with a considerable degree of pleasure. He has had a long

experience in public life, and has taken an interest in several projects of world-wide importance. Entering the Treasury Department in 1836, he was appointed Comptroller-General of the National Debt Office in 1874, holding this post until 1894

In the following year he accepted the presidency of the Grand Trunk. For a number of years he was actively interested in Egyptian affairs, serving as Finance Minister during the British occupation from 1877-79. He

also served on the Council of the Suez Canal Co. from 1876-1895. It will thus be seen that Sir Charles possesses ample qualifications for his present position and the gradual strengthening of the Grand Trunk's position financially is in no small degree attributable to his ability and management.

A pathetic little picture is presented by the new and diminutive Shah

of Persia, Ahmed Mirza, who succeeded his father on the Peacock Throne on July 17. The former Shah was virtually deposed after ruling for a year and a half. The new ruler, who is only eleven years of age, is not the eldest son of the deposed monarch,

but he succeeds because his mother is a Kajar Princess. He wept bitterly when the moment came for him to leave his predecessor on the throne and his mother and, said The Times, "it required a stern message to the effect that crying was not allowed in the Russian Legation before he dried his eyes. Then the little man came out bravely, entered a large carriage, and drove off alone. . . . At Sul-tanabad he was met by the Regent and the deputations, and ceremoniously notified of his high position and of the hope entertained by the nation that he would prove to be a good ruler. 'Au-shallah, I will,' replied the lad."

M. Briand, the new French Premier, is one of the most able of the present generation of French politicians, and is noted for his eloquent oratory. For a Prime Minister he is remarkably young, being but forty-seven years of age. He was Minister of Justice in the Cabinet which has



M. ARISTIDE BRIAND
THE NEW PREMIER OF FRANCE

resigned. In his earlier days he was a red-hot Socialist, but he has since abandoned the Labor Party, as it did not permit him sufficient freedom of action. He is somewhat cold and reserved in manner, and is unmarried. In his spare time he is an enthusiastic student of the drama, and never misses a "first night" of any importance.

The defeated Premier of France, M. George Clemenceau, spent several years, when a young man, in America, and married his first wife in New York. He was at the time teaching French in a ladies' school and fell in love with one of his pupils, marrying her after her course was completed. Strange to say, his early marriage did not eventually prove a happy one and Mme. Clemenceau obtained a divorce. M. Clemenceau has been for forty years in the turmoil of French politics. Throughout the siege of Paris he was mayor of his district and



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AHMED MIRZA
THE ELEVEN-YEAR OLD SHAH OF PERSIA



W. H. LEVER
1ST VISCOUNT PORT SUNLIGHT

physician chief of the commissariat, becoming a member of the Assembly in 1871, he held office ever since. He was called to form a cabinet in 1906.

The man who has built up a successful business is frequently overshadowed and even lost sight of in the growing fame of his product. Pears' Soap is far better known than Pears himself. The same is true of Sunlight Soap. While the proprietor may have a certain measure of fame in England, it is safe to say that the products of his factories have completely eclipsed the man himself in other parts of the world. The curious-minded may like to have a look at the man, who guides the destinies of this extraordinary firm, with its schemes of profit-sharing and its plans for ameliorating the conditions of its work people. W. H. Lever is a member of Parliament, elected as a Liberal in the land-slide of 1905. He was born in Bolton in 1825 and at the age of sixteen entered his father's business there. He moved about for some years from place to place before settling in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, and establishing the works at Port Sunlight. His name will doubt-

less go down to fame as one of the pioneers in modern industrial methods, in which may be included the successful utilization of the power of advertising and selling goods.

Another industrial giant, whose product is far better known to Canadians than is the man himself, is the head of the chocolate manufacturing firm of Menier. M. Gaston Menier, who is shown in the illustration in conversation with Emperor William of Germany, aboard his yacht, is an important personage in the business world of Europe, both as a manufacturer and a financier. To Canadians, he possesses an additional interest, in that the Island of Anticosti, on the St. Lawrence, belongs to the Menier family, and has been in their possession since 1895.

Still another honour has been conferred on Sir Percy Girouard, the Canadian officer, who has been climbing rapidly in the British service of late years. Sir Percy, it will be re-



W. H. LEVER



AN EMPEROR AND A MERCHANT KING
EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY CONVERSING WITH M. AND MATHIEU
GASTON MENIER, THE VILLAGEFARE CHOCOLATE MANUFACTURER

membered, is the son of Mr. Justice Girouard, of the Supreme Court of Canada. He has now been appointed Governor of the East African Protectorate. Prior to this appointment Sir Percy held the post of High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria. He first came into prominence in the building of the railway through the Soudan, which made Lord Kitchener's success there possible. He was also conspicuous in the Boer war, being Director of Railways during the campaign. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1900.

It is said that on one historic occasion the inventor of a so-called bullet-proof cuirass met his match when a practical and unbelieving monarch asked him to put on his invention and

stand up before a firing party, and preferred to retire hurriedly rather



SIR PERCY GIROUARD, K.C.M.G.
GOVERNOR OF THE EAST AFRICAN
PROTECTORATE



FIGURE A GREAT DEPTH OF COAL MINING IN A WEST

than, faces such a risk. Herr Schaumann has considerably more confidence in his inventions, as may be seen from these photographs, which show his stopping with his "chest-protector" heavy bullets fired from a rifle.

That aviation will presently become just as much a fad among the wealthy smokers after pleasure, as motoring is

to-day, is a foregone conclusion. A forecast of some of the possibilities for the future amateur aviator is given by the spectacle of the hare and hounds balloons race at Haringham, England, when a number of noted society leaders participated in an exciting flight in a half-broken or so balloons.



A HAIR AND THE NEW FUEL FROM COAL

Coming of the Coal Briquet

By GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL

From Technical World

TO the traveler through the great coal-mining regions of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, familiar with the huge piles of discarded coal dust—slack or culm, as it is called—which break the sky line in many directions, the estimates which have been stated in terms of millions of tons of burnable coal wasted every year in this manner do not appear excessive, nor do even the statements that hundreds of millions of tons have been so wasted since the beginning of the coal mining industry in the United States. Coal dust waste is by no means all visible, since in the bituminous or soft-coal districts what would amount in the aggregate to fair sized mountain chains of unmarketable "slack" has been allowed to burn up in order to get rid of the accumulations. In some instances the piles have been deliberately fired.

Future wastes of this character, however, are likely to diminish and in time disappear, since the briquetting industry is at last establishing a foothold in America and recent government tests have demonstrated beyond question the great efficiency of the briquet for certain fuel needs.

Briquetting of coal-dust and lignites has been carried on for many years in Europe and has reached the highest stage of development in France, Belgium and Germany, the latest figures from Germany showing an annual manufacturing of about 15,000,000 tons of briquets

from coal-dust and waste. In the United States the industry has not in the past developed for two reasons; with our tens of millions of acres of coal beds, from which in most cases coal can be mined very cheaply it has usually been more economical, from the standpoint of immediate profit, to waste the slack or culm than to save and market it at the additional cost of briquetting. The second reason for failure to utilize this waste resource, which is analogous to the first, has been the definite opposition shown by some of the coal operators to the introduction of a manufactured fuel which would come into competition with the commercial output of the coal mines and constitute a disturbing factor in the nice balance maintained in prices by the mine owners. The first step in the utilization of mine waste has, however, been taken by the operators themselves and the slack piles are no longer ruthlessly fired and intentionally burned up. It has been found profitable to work them over, screen out the small coal and use the dust for filling in empty mine chambers. Even this latter is most wasteful, involving the loss for all time of great quantities of high grade carbon. This first step toward making a questionable use of a valuable commodity might have been the last, for a long time anyway, had not the government investigations, begun at the St. Louis Exposition and continued since, stimulated the

question of briquet making. As the situation stands to-day, the briquetting industry is on the increase, and as the superiority of the briquet becomes more fully recognized the demand for it will force the utilization of mine waste. During the last few years a number of briquetting plants have been established, over a dozen "factories" being in operation at the present time. The optimistic statement is now made by Edward W. Parker, chief of the division of Mineral Resources of the United States Geological Survey, that the preliminary period of failure and discouragement in the manufacture and use of briquet fuel has apparently passed and that the industry will be placed on a substantial footing. Certain it is that if recent exhaustive tests of the fuels testing division of the Survey are to be considered, briquetted coal for use at least by railway locomotives and steamships has a great future. Briquets are shown to have produced greatly increased energy and under forced draft proved themselves much more nearly smokeless than run-of-mine coal of the best quality. Indeed, it has been predicted that the war vessel of the future will have its smoke problem solved as effectively as has been the smoke question on the firing line since the introduction of smokeless powder.

In sixteen complete test trips on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad with briquets as against run-of-mine coal, and covering an aggregate of 1,684 miles, the briquets proved superior in every respect. The tonnage of briquets consumed was less, as compared with the coal and the number of miles run was greater in favor of the briquets. The use of the briquets did away with all black smoke, no clinkers were formed and the briquets burned completely. In these tests 172,700 pounds of coal were consumed in running 169.12 car miles as against 161,680 pounds of briquets in running the greater num-

ber of 128.96 car miles. Reduced to pounds consumed per car mile, the figures are 158 pounds of coal for each car mile, as against 125 pounds of briquets for each car mile. While briquets furnished at the same price as coal, this would mean a saving on the basis of the estimated coal consumption by the railroads of the United States, of 30,000,000 tons of coal annually. The greatest showing for the briquets, however, lay in the fact that it was possible to get a much hotter fire than the highest limit of the coal, thus enabling the trains to make faster time than was possible with coal, and in these particular instances to make up much lost time. To be able to accomplish this or to establish a faster schedule the great passenger systems, as is well known are willing to go to almost any expense.

Other tests made by the Geological Survey in co-operation with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad demonstrated that the briquets ignited more freely than coal, therefore firing up quicker and making an abnormally hot fire, and when the engine was running at speed emitting practically no smoke. A heavy fire could be carried without danger of clinkering, few ashes were left in the fire-box and the cinder deposit was very small, thus indicating almost complete combustion. Still further tests made in co-operation with the Missouri Pacific, the Michigan Central, the Rock Island, the Burlington, and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroads—amounting to one hundred locomotive tests—show that in nearly every instance the briquets gave a higher efficiency than natural coal. For example, coal from Oklahoma gave a boiler efficiency of 50 per cent., whereas briquets made from the same coal gave an efficiency of 65 to 67 per cent. Decrease in smoke density, the elimination of clinkers and the apparent decrease in the quantity

of cinders and sparks are named as the chief reasons for this increased efficiency.

Very exhaustive tests were carried on by the Survey with a locomotive mounted at the testing plant of the Pennsylvania Railway Company at Altoona, Pa., resulting in the same story favorable to the briquet. From these tests the following conclusions have been published by the government:

"The briquets made on the government machines have well withstood exposure to the weather and have suffered but little deterioration from handling. In all classes of service involved by the experiments the use of briquets in the place of natural coal appears to have increased the evaporative efficiency of the boilers tested. The use of briquets increases the facility with which an even fire over the whole area of the grate may be maintained. In locomotive service the substitution of briquets for coal has resulted in a marked increase in efficiency, in an increase in boiler capacity, and in a decrease in the production of smoke." It is especially noted that a careful firing of briquets at terminals is effective in diminishing the amount of smoke produced. For instance, in certain of the tests the figures show an average density of smoke stated for coal at 1.7, whereas for briquets it is but .62.

In similar tests made on the torpedo boat destroyer Biddle, a very great increase in boiler capacity resulted from the use of briquets, no such heat ever having been previously generated through the use of coal, the briquets consequently making possible a much higher rate of speed for the destroyer. Never before had the Biddle run so fast as during these briquet tests.

In Belgium, the briquet is considered a more serviceable form of fuel than coal. On the state railways natural coal is used more or less for

freight service, but briquets are used exclusively for passenger service. In Germany it is stated that the briquet constitutes a fuel which can be handled and stored with greater facility and with less loss than natural coal, that the briquet is of satisfactory thermal value and that its use conserves the country's resources. In France the briquet is largely used and is purchased by the Government roads under definite specifications.

A feature of the briquetting industry in this country which has been discussed with the Geological Survey experts, and has been to some extent tried, is the utilization of the great quantities of coal dust, by briquetting, which accumulate in the coal yards of the large cities. The cost of briquetting is in the neighborhood of a dollar a ton. While this cost operates to retard briquetting at the mines, where in some instances lump coal can be produced for even less than the cost of making briquets, it is a small charge as against the value of coal at the city coal yard. The briquetting of the coal dust produced by the handling of coal at the yards of the large cities would result in the conversion of a good many millions tons annually of nearly waste material into a clean, free-burning and altogether high-grade fuel.

The problem of economic briquet making is not always how to make the best possible briquet; but rather how to utilize available materials, both coal, slack and binders. There are various grades of briquettable coal and many kinds of binders. The cost of manufacture should be about 40 cents per ton; the cost of binding material varies from 20 cents to 90 cents per ton of briquets produced. The government's experiments and investigations show that when plants are situated so that it can be obtained, the cheapest binder is the heavy residuum from petroleum. This binder is available in large

quantities in the southwest, where the oil has this heavy asphaltum base, and costs from 45 to 60 cents per ton of briquets produced.

Second in importance comes water gas tar pitch, also a petroleum product, and costing from 50 to 60 cents.

Third comes coal-tar pitch, derived from coal and therefore widely available, varying in cost from 65 to 90 cents per ton of briquets. Other binders which may compete under favorable local conditions are by-products from wood distillation, by-products from sugar factories, wax tailings, pitch from producer gas, magnesia, starch, and waste sulphite liquor from paper mills, the last two, however, while cheap, not making water-proof briquets.

To find a suitable briquetting process for American lignite, such as obtains in Germany, would be a great achievement. Lignite is a low grade coal, the youngest, geologically, of the coals, anthracite being the oldest, and is found over vast areas of the west—upwards of seventy-five million acres. The Geological Survey has just established a huge machine at Pittsburg for experimenting in producing lignite briquets by simple pressure. It has been demonstrated that lignite used in a gas producer has greater heating energy and value than the best Pocahontas coal under an ordinary steam boiler, so that if the Pittsburg briquetting experiments prove successful they will open up a great new field in the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, and Texas, where lignites

abound but which have heretofore been considered of little and only local value by reason of the tendency of this coal to crumble and slack when exposed to the air.

Briquets vary in size and shape from those approximating an egg to those considerably larger than a common brick. The small briquets burn better but the large blocks are cheaper to make and are convenient for storage. The French naval estimates show that ten per cent more in weight of briquets can be stored in a given space than of lump coal, and the British Admiralty reports give an even higher percentage.

The principal briquetting plants in the United States to-day are: one in New Jersey, having a capacity of 100 tons a day; one in New York with a capacity of 120 tons a day; two others in New York with a capacity of 100 tons a day each; a Philadelphia plant, with a capacity of 90 tons a day; a plant in Scranton, Pennsylvania; a plant in Oakland, California, with a capacity of 85 tons a day; one in Stege, California—which undertakes the manufacture of briquets from a mixture of peat and California crude petroleum, and gives promise of using California oil as a domestic fuel—a plant in Clifton, Arizona, with a capacity of 25 tons a day; one in Del Ray, Michigan, with a capacity of from 100 to 150 tons a day, utilized for domestic fuel for Detroit. One recently organized company contemplates a plant convenient to some of the great lignite deposits in North Dakota, with a daily capacity of 1,000 tons.

A Lyric And Its Lyrists

What a life? Inexpressible to Them!
Not Chief—Justice—and truly old Professor?
Well! well! only to think of that! God bless her!

EXCLAIMS Principal Hutton, of the University of Toronto, over the fact that a knowledge of classics and a faculty of rhythmical expression had led Hon. Chief Justice Sir Glenholme Falconbridge and Hon. Justice W. R. Riddell, into the most amiable pastime of versifying for the *University Quarterly* the famous "Kissing Ode" of Catullus. It is one of the most pleasing examples of the first Latin lyric poet. It has received similar treatment by many other hands, and of the previous translations that readily occur to us are those of Sir Richard Burton, immortalized by his Omar Khayyam, Sir Theodore Martin and Dr. Goldwin Smith. It is interesting to collate these examples which appeared in the *University Quarterly*. It is perhaps now no trespass upon a modest anonymity to say that the verses by W. P. are those of the Principal of McGill University. To these a fifth is now added by a talented member of the Toronto bar.

TO LOOK fearlessly upon life; to accept the laws of nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls—these are the beliefs that make for happiness.—*Masterthick*.

To Lesbia

CATULLUS V.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque animi severorum
Omnes acutis sentiemus asinis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt :
Nos cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille alia, dein secunda centum.
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum
Dein cum milia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus, illa, ne sciamus,
Aut sequi malus invidere possit,
Cum tantum sciet esse basiorum.

I

Love me (my Lesbia) and live we our day,
While all stern sayings crabb'd sages say,
At one dott's value let us price and prize.
The suns can westward sink again to rise
But we, extinguish'd once our tiny light,
Perforce shall slumber through one luting night !
Kiss me a thousand times, then hundred more,
Then thousand others, then a new five-score,
Still other thousand other hundred store.
Last when the sun to many thousands grow,
The tale let's trouble till no more we know,
Nor envious sight spiteful shall mawren us
Knowing how many kisses have been lost
between us. — Richard F. Burton

II

Let us, Lesbia, darling still
Live our life, and love our fill ;
Heeding not a jot, how'er
Churlish darts dares chide or stare
Suns go down, but tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies ;
But, when sets or little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
A thousand kisses grant me sweet,
With a hundred these complete.
Lip me a thousand more, and then
Another hundred give again.
A thousand add to these, anon
A hundred more, then hurry on
Kiss after kiss without cessation,
Until we lose all calculation :
So envy shall not mar our blisses
By numbering up our tale of kisses.

— Theodore Martin

III

We will live my love and play,
Let gray beards wag as wag they may :
Suns that set repair their light,
Our brief day has one long night.
Give me kisses, give a million,
Thousands, thousands more, a billion.
Then let us madly mix them, so
That we their sum may never know,
Nor envy cast an evil eye,
Because it is so monstrous high.

— Golden Smith

IV

Lesbia, let us live and love,
 We'll old toges' mummings prove
 Worth not half a cast-off glove :
 Suns may rise, may set the sun,
 But when once our day is done
 Sleep eternal is begun.
 Thousand kisses now give me—
 Then a hundred—and then we
 Will another thousand share,
 Then a second hundred—there—
 Now another thousand, then
 Give me kisses ten times ten.
 When a million we've enjoyed
 Let the record be destroyed
 Let us or some scribe
 Shall find out how oft we've kissed.
 —*Gloucester Falconbridge*

V

Let us love, Lesbia mine, as our life's course
 we run
 And soon the old wines' maxim deep,
 For full often will rise the soft setting sun,
 But when or brief light's quenched, then our
 day is done
 And death is one long, long sleep.

 Give me kisses a thousand, a hundred more,
 A thousand, a hundred again,
 Many hundreds and thousands—forget we the
 score,
 Lest some envious wretch should grudge us
 them sore,
 Of our kisses the tale should be ken.
 —*William Rossetti, Riddell*

VI

Live our life, and let it be
 A life of love for you and me ;
 Nor care a fig for all the chatter
 Of grim old people who don't matter.
 Suns that set will rise more bright :
 But when fades our little light
 We must sleep through endless night.

Give a thousand kisses! then five score,
 Another thousand, then a hundred more,
 Then straight a thousand, and again five score!
 Then when our kisses many thousands grow,
 We'll lap the counting, so we may not know,
 Or lest some evil eye should blight our blessings
 By knowing the full tale of our caresses.

—B. P.

VII

Love, me, Lebia; life is naught without it :
 Sow old Pentans scold and scold and scout it :
 Just one penny for all these thoughts about it.

You run sinka, but another run to follow :
 Our sun, once it set, sets to joy and sorrow
 In perpetual night without a morrow.

Come, then, kisses a dozen I implore :
 Then more kisses and more and more and
 more : see,—
 And their number is mounting by the score, we

Just lose count of it: ignorance our bliss is:
 So that somebody's eye of evil misses
 Us whom love has made millions of kisses.

—Mervyn Hutton

VIII

Let us live, let us love, then, my Lenias, here!
 All the mouthings of grey beards unduly austere
 Esteeming, if hawked for a fathoming, too dear!
 For, though suns that have set rise again at the dawn,
 Not so we, who, when once our brief daylight
 is gone,
 Through perpetual night sleep unconsciously on!
 First kiss me a thousand times, then add five
 score!
 A thousand again, then a hundred once more!
 Now, the thousand all over, the hundred *encores*!
 Then when many the interchanged thousands
 thus grow,
 Let us crowd and confuse them that we may
 not know
 —Not peeping Tom envy the joys that he misses
 Should he see that there can be such masses
 of kisses!

—A. W. A.

Though Dharma Tarry Long

By

HELEN E. WILLIAMS

THE man stood on the brow of the cliff, where the strong sea-breeze, blowing saltily inland, ruffled and bent backward the overlapping tiers of juniper and sweet fern. There were many more comfortable spots beneath. Cozy, sequestered nooks, which seemed especially made for idlers in Arcady, many of whom had found their own, if fluttering white caps and glints of scarlet and brown were construed aright. But it was typical of the man to choose the top, and stand there—alone.

Away to the left stretched miles of shining beach, black in spots, with little insect-like dots, that constantly moved about and emitted a vague buzz, which floated up to the man, pierced with an occasional lighter sound which might have been laughter. The tide was coming in, leaping over the outstanding rocks, throwing itself in streams of billowy lace over glistening barnacled and green-draped ledges, rushing thunderously up the gorges all along the coast, springing like some victorious live thing upon the gray, wave-like shoulder of the cliff. The spectacle never lost its interest for the man. He followed each fresh onslaught breathlessly, and gloried in the power which sent the spray sprinkling in drops about him. But at the turn—when the receding wave fell back, beaten, into the churning cauldron, when the ship-r-r-r of backward drawn pebbles became audible through the din of battle, when the surf put up such a brave show of

being unchanged, even in the act of submission to the stronger will—the man always left abruptly.

Usually the remainder of the afternoon was spent in his room at the "Sparhawk," resting, in accordance with his physician's orders, which he did not care to disregard. But whether some suggestiveness of comparison had come to him on the height, or the old yearning for his kind, which was wont to seize him at times, proved too strong, to-day he passed the plank walk, and following the Marginal Way round, lost himself in the gay medley, on the beach.

He looked eagerly about him on all sides, as if he were taking up a thread dropped long ago, listening to catch the note of a familiar tune, whose memory itself had grown dim. He might have been one of the cave men depicted in Plato's Republic, turning from the world of reflected shadows to the world of veritable flesh and blood. Coming from a toilsome, difficult life, and encrusted with long years of toil, he had grown too big, as it were, to shrink back into anything so small and blessed as mere happiness. He looked blindly, longingly, helplessly for the soul in it all; and when he could not find it, when nothing within him responded, when the emotions he had with iron will trained to impassivity gave no latent throbs, then he recognized in a cold philosophic way that he was hearing a key turned that would forever more make what lay on the other side as though it were not, then he knew that an-

other penalty, which was yet not the supreme penalty, had been exacted.

The five-seated yellow beach wagons returned again and again with contingents, which were unobtrusively swallowed up in the gay, inconspicuous crowd. The afternoon bathers were tiptoeing and stepping down to the breakers, shrieking in affrighted alarm at the first chilly contact. The man passed by childish creators of wondrous sand architecture, and turned aside to look down upon some boys spreading star-fish on the sand to dry, along with such other treasures as hermit crabs, devil's aprons, and curious shells. Here and there prosperous-looking men with threads of silver in their hair raised their hats deferentially as he went by. And more than one handsome woman, who was seldom accused of exerting herself overmuch, bowed with the nicest homage in her eyes. Into nearly every face that turned carelessly toward him there flashed the instantaneous recognition of who he was. On the outskirts of the throng he looked so intently at one isolated couple, ineffectually screened by a greedy toy of a parasol, that he attracted the girl's attention.

"Do you know who that man was?" she asked.

The boy shrugged a negative. "The most celebrated eye specialist in the world."

"No! was it?" Then with an admiring look at the pretty face beside him, "Well, his celebrity looked as if he envied me."

"The most celebrated eye specialist" walked on. No. Another penalty had been exacted, but not the supreme penalty. Still, when his wonderful efforts of brain and nerve elicited some eloquent tribute, he must exert a yet greater power to avoid winning at the thought of the look that would come into his interlocutor's face, if he knew. He was not exempt from that, nor from the mocking voice in his ear, whispering when the world's praise rang loudest: "Oh, that is all very well, but they don't know, you

see. But you know, and what a fraud you are with your 'mobility,' and your 'bonnetreuses' and your 'self-sacrifices,' ha! ha! Don't deceive yourself! Is that enough, do you imagine? When you have given the light of a lifetime, gone out into the utter darkness."

He had now outstripped the last stroller. In the tidal river on the other side of the selgy dunes an old clam-digger could be seen, bent double, gathering the tidal harvest.

And for a little he stood there between those symbols of pleasure and work, shut out of both, an alien, drinking the drops of a cup he had thought to have drained. With a lagging step he passed on. After curving along by cottages bearing the names, "C-needs-a-rest Cottage," "Blenk Home," "The Anchorage," "Twelve Cottage," and the like, the beach again rises into cliffs. Sealing these the man stood there silhouetted against the afternoon sky, looking out to sea. Several people on the beach saw him there, and interrupted their lively variegation to point out the "eminent oculist of world-wide renown, who has never been known to fail, or dream, whose name is the synonym for success." He must have appeared in much the same light to a slim, vengeful-looking man, who let himself out of an unpatented, shabby house set back from the cliff a number of rods. Upon seeing the solitary figure he looked, came a little nearer, and shielding his eyes against the sun, looked again. Then he started quickly forward, stopped, hesitated, turned on his heel and walked away, head bent, only to wheel back an instant later, with a muttered ejaculation. He had to speak twice before the other heard.

"I beg your pardon! Were you addressing me?"

The very young man was plainly embarrassed.

"You are Dr. Starr? You have been pointed out to me in the village. I believe I am not mistaken?"

"I am Dr. Starr."

The very young man, a country doctor, supplied by his own impotence in the face of urgent need, plunged with a sort of desperate eloquence into a tale identical with many another poured into his learned colleague's ear. He described the family's almost degrading poverty and dependence upon the widow's work, and the fearsome thing growing over her eye, enlarging upon the dire consequences which must follow without immediate and skilled attention, interrupting himself with a denunciation, "but you know that, sir," and ending with an earnest appeal that he would undertake the operation. As he caught the drift of the conversation a peevish, whitish haze settled on the man's face, and his hand went out as if to steady himself. Then Dr. Miles, looking eagerly for some trace of human feeling and yielding in that granite countenance, saw what in another's might have been called excitement—if so slight a manifestation could be designated by so strong a word. A minute passed, two minutes, three, four. A little backward jerk of the head, and flash of the gray eyes—did he fancy it, or was there defiance in the look? and eagerness? then—

"We had better go at once," he said, "while the light lasts, yes, while the light lasts."

Once inside the hut he seemed a different being. Beneath his magnetic touch the woman's nervous twitches ceased, and the lines of anxious foreboding smoothed themselves from her face. Bending eagerly over the instruments the younger man spread before him, he gave little grunts of approval as he examined some, or dubious shakes of the head as he laid aside others. While they prepared for the operation with such sorry makeshifts as were at hand, Dr. Starr gave minute directions as to the exact care to be taken of the eye afterwards, adding that he would, of course, himself come in. Then the children were put out; and as the inexperienced man followed, breathless-

ly, each steady, unerring movement of the master's hand, he forgot even the marvel of such mastery of one's self and one's art, under the spell of the thing itself going forward. Once, only, had the doctor spoken. Raising his head when half through, he drew his hand across his eyes with the troubled gesture of one who would brush something away.

"How dark it gets," he muttered, "how dark!"

Dr. Miles looked in astonishment at the real reflection of a most spectacular sunset flooding the room, but again forgot all in the drama being enacted before him.

It was done.

The woman's future was redeemed from one long night of dependence most those best ill-fitted to take care of themselves. She lay in a strop in the front room, while the young man, suddenly become self-conscious, strove to find words befitting the occasion. But the other was speaking himself—with suppressed excitement, it would seem.

"He was wrong!" he exclaimed, and broke into a laugh, infantile, and yet tinged with something not unlike regret. "I never did better work in my life. Old Gifford was wrong. He said I would never live this."

A change passed over his face. He snuggled a little where he stood—and stopped laughing. Again his hand went to his head with the old gesture he had first used months before, when, in the midst of an operation, his patient's face, without an instant's warning, melted away from him, and when he at last succeeded in rubbing away the mist, it was to see Dr. Gifford bending anxiously over him, and to hear, in response to an imperious demand for the truth—his ultimatum.

"How dark it grows—like becoming blind—I think—I have paid—at—last."

Dr. Miles caught him as he fell. There was a marshmallow toast on the beach that night. From a distance it looked like the performance

of some bizarre pagan rite. As the leaping tongues of flame brought out in bold relief first one, then another, fitting shadow, the effect was as if the earth and air were full of such phantasmagoric shapes, seething but a little more drifted into the thick of the evening conversation was restricted to tea-tables, for which the toasting afforded an excellent excuse, if any were required. But as the moon majestically rose into the heraldic glow, which had for some time been shedding a weird light over the horizon, they then their improvised forks into the blaze, and watched the spectacle in a silence at first broken only by an occasional word of comment. Then someone began a story, and someone else suggested that they should each in turn tell one, while a piece of driftwood was burning. So they sat round in characteristic attitudes on upturned boxes, and bleached logs. Several colleges were represented in the group about the fire, and the constant peals of laughter testified that the rigorities of the curriculum had in no wise sobered aspiring youth, now put a stop to their pranks. The oldest member of the party stirred uneasily when, upon the heels of a particularly diverting escapade came an expectant, "You turn, old man."

"But I don't know anything clever, or ingenious, or even amusing," he protested, "I've been out of that sort of thing so long. I would just spoil the effect of the rest of your wit by something malapropos. I move we adjourn."

But they would not hear of it. He could not get out of it that way. He had listened. He must hear his part of the entertainment. All the better if he had something different to tell. So they piled on more wood, and turned attentive, flame-flecked visages toward him, and he performed, yielded.

"You won't like it," he began, "but if you will have it, your disappointment be upon your own heads."

Then he was silent so long that one of the boys sang out, "Oh, I say, Fletcher; stage effects not allowed here."

He began at once. "Most of you, I think, were on the beach this afternoon when Dr. Starr went by. At least, you all know of him by reputation—what he stands for in the world to-day. What I am going to tell you dates back to the time when the name Starr spelled nothing to anyone who was anyone. How I came to know—signifies nothing, is, as Kipling would say, another story, but—well, I know, and that's enough."

He went on quickly in a narrative voice.

"He was an orphan, at your age may have heard, brought up and educated by a wealthy uncle. He had an average record at college, but did not especially distinguish himself. Went in more for a good time—the sort of thing you fellows have been telling about to-night, sports, theatre-parties, getting up plays, giving dinners—you know the life. Well, he made himself pretty popular, though you'd hardly imagine it now. Just 'spoke up' through his final year in medicine, to use his uncle's phraseology. But he didn't care. Nothing worried him much—then. In his native village he was given his first case. It was to take on a boy's diseased eye in order to save the other. The people were poor and couldn't well afford an alderman; and he had taken a special course along those lines, and was qualified to do the work, if he kept his wits about him. As it turned out he didn't. No one ever quite knew how it happened. Some said he was not responsible that day, had over-indulged. Others that he lost his head. Everyone had a different theory—and aired it. The fact remains he took out the good eye by mistake, practically making the boy blind. Ever since, nearly, has forgotten it now; but at the time it created quite a sensation in the papers. They all took it up and made it out, as of course, it

was, inexcusable. Still, no one thought it would break young Starr up the way it did. As a matter of fact it quite bowled him over. You see, he had known the little chap all his life, and—well, it struck him hard."

"He was to have been married in a few days. The girl's trousseau was all made, the wedding presents had been on exhibition, guests invited, berths written for. Well, that night he went to her and told her, straight, that he could not marry her. I don't know how he wooed it, but I gathered that he felt he had by his mistake forfeited all right to personal happiness, and must, in expiation, devote all his life to curing people, who would otherwise be incurable. The girl understood—she was that kind—and said what might have been expected of such a girl; but he wouldn't hear of it. He had always seemed easy-going and placable, in his light-hearted, lovable way, but—well, I suppose, he loved her, and knew what the life would mean. Anyway, he went away alone."

"For a time no one heard anything of him, though his uncle, in answer to inquiries, said he was studying in England and Germany. It must have been nearly ten years before accounts of him began to be copied into our papers from the foreign press. Still later, he came back—famous, and, I guess you know the rest."

"But what became of his fiancée?" demanded one of the girls. "That's no place to stop. What happened to her?"

The oldest member's eyes were fixed on the path of moonbeams, now spanning the ocean from rim to rim. The moon, herself, had sailed silver, and lost something of romance the higher she climbed; but the privileged might pass into realms enchanted on this fair bridge.

"Do go on!"

"You are a dreadful story-teller!"

"Isn't his action what the critics call slow?"

"Didn't she ever see him again?"

"Or yet married?"

"I believe not." And as the air seemed charged with the expectation of more to follow, he added, "She became a nurse—is a nurse now."

"I think he might have devoted perhaps ten years to his intractables and then come back," burst out the girl who had spoken first. "You were right. I don't like your story, Mr. Fletcher. It's too—too—"

"Much life life?"

"Too idiotic, outrageous, unnecessary! Didn't he ever go back?"

"I've heard not."

"Perhaps he forgot?"

"Perhaps he did."

When the silence which ensued threatened to grow embarrassing one of the boys shook himself into an upright position, demanding if they had forgotten that they had pledged their word as decorous resorters to enliven the dance at their hotel with their presence, and the group dissolved as he magic, amid a chorus of half-distinctible ejaculations.

The man called Fletcher excused himself, and walked out over the hard, wet, crinkled stretch of beach to where scuffling wavelets broke with musical insistence. Forget her? There were those who had tried and could not, those who had urged upon her the duty, the advantages of forgetting. Presently he turned and walked along—toward a shaft of light issuing from a cottage on one of the farther points.

Something less than an hour later a lunger in the office at the "Starhawk" accosted a man who had been filling out a telegraph blank.

"Is it true? Will Starr have to pay the piper at last?"

"It amounts to about that." The man's tone was curt, his manner preoccupied. "I'm wiring for Gifford, but it's only as a matter of form."

"Well," philosophized the other, "he's human, after all—he made one mistake, I see."

He snickered off. The man called Fletcher turned back to the desk

Drawing another blank toward him he began to write.

Within the cottage along the beach the woman had come out of her stupor and was sleeping peacefully. In the back room the figure on the bed was snoring itself out with incessant snufflings. The monotonous voice, trailing endlessly on, evoked strange pictures in that empty room. Now, the great oculist was expounding his views before an assemblage of the most learned and critical men in the medical world. Now, he was reliving that hour of surgical triumph which the papers in two hemispheres chronicled in glowing headlines. And now he was in the hospital, oblivious of the hard day's work behind him, and of the one no less arduous awaiting him on the morrow, tenderly performing the ordinary offices of nurse for one of his proteges, who, he had discovered too late, was only provided with an incompetent attendant.

On, on, the demon of work drove him—till the darkness he had disfigured for others pressed sorely upon himself, and he perceived a vast concourse of people about him, all going the same way. Some, he saw, rebelled and held back, and he wavered to find himself among them. Then a man's face rose before him, strained, dead-white. "I'll wait for you, Doctor. Rest a bit and come back.

God! You must come back!" Something impelled him forward. The faces passed. But other faces crowded into its place, each with fear indelibly printed on it. He recalled the peculiar circumstances of each; their several stories ended alike in the wall, "and there is no one that can take your place." He struggled, but the Something urged him on. And so they, too—passed—

He felt a vague pity for the inert form he was deserting in the little back room, but as he advanced farther into the Land of Pain, it, and other regrets, grew less—were left behind—Far, far off voices came—and went—and came again. Ah-h! He was in a large, pleasant room. Through the window, stirring the lace curtains, came the night-scented breath of Narcissus. Steps, running down the stairs. A voice, calling him by a name no one else used. Her voice!

And he had got to tell her!

Now she was in the room. Now she was—Suddenly he struggled as never before—

He opened his eyes.

Somewhere a man's voice was saying that the crisis was past—that he would live. And by his side knelt the woman, who, absent, had been ever present at the working out of the equal retribution, and present, had won him back to enjoy the reward which had tarried long.

The Martian and the Farm

From The Outlook

IF THE proverbial inhabitant from Mars were to visit an ordinary American rural school, he would be inclined to comment somewhat as follows: I notice that these Americans seem to think the raising of crops to be quite unnecessary, and that they are applying their remarkable intelligence to the task of depopulating their rural regions. They have the acuteness to see that if they are to drive people out of the country, they cannot begin with the adult population. Life in the open country is so alluring and natural that even when it has not been made as comfortable as it easily might be, it holds people fast. So these far-seeing Americans, in order to crowd people into the cities, where they obviously want them to be, have devised a campaign of education directed against the children. They have planned all their rural schools on city models. Even in such details as arithmetical problems, they see to it that the children's minds should be directed toward urban life. They so fill the field of a child's attention with the affairs of the town and city that they leave no room for the ideas that concern life in the open country. Year after year these Americans fill their children's minds with city ideals, and as soon as the children are liberated from school they leap for the city. It is a great task these Americans have undertaken, but they will finish it in a generation or two; and then they will have the satisfaction of seeing their land divided between the crowded city and the wilderness.

If this visitor were to be told that

what he interpreted as an astute campaign was a mere matter of stupidity and tradition, and that the American people were really wondering how they could check the congestion of cities, he would be forced, out of decent respect for the people he was visiting, to be incredulous.

How can the child born and reared in the country respect the life of the farmer when the community in which he lives does not regard the farmer's occupation as worthy of study? How can he be expected to look with ambition toward agriculture as a vocation when he finds that training for it is regarded as less important than preparation for a clerkship? How can he think of village and rural life as anything more than a makeshift when he finds that in the school he attends there is not a word taught concerning crops or cattle or roads?

The people of Canada have already begun to apply their minds to the question of educating the children for life in the open country. Indeed, the movement toward increasing the efficiency of the country population has already been considerably developed. It owes its inception to Sir William Macdonald and Dr. James W. Robertson. The Outlook last year, and again last week, gave some account of Macdonald College, of which Sir William is the founder, and Dr. Robertson is the principal. This college is the apex of a system which at its base will extend to every farming community in the Dominion.

In many cases boys have had to content with the complaint from their own parents that farming is unproduc-

DON'T think that because the boss has a roll-top desk and a private office that he also has a cinch. The man who carries the responsibilities is the man whose shoulders first grow bent.—Frank Farrington.

tive. The first business, then, was to give encouragement to the adult population, so that parents might be willing to have their children study animal and plant husbandry and domestic science. Speakers were, therefore, sent out, two and two, to tell what had been achieved in agriculture, to display diagrams and seeds, and to answer questions. The Dominion Government has established experimental farms (as our own Government has done). School-children have been taught to detect the destructive brown-tail moth, and encouraged to learn to distinguish noxious weeds and to combat them. Indeed, the Government has put into all school-houses books on weeds and samples of weed seeds. The Government is sending out from time to time inspectors of fruit, experts in poultry and in cattle. The fairs, provincial and county, are becoming genuine institutions of agricultural education. Notably the winter fairs held at Amherst, Nova Scotia, and Guelph, Ontario, are really short course col-

leges which all may attend, tuition free, and where they may profit by demonstrations and lectures. So much for reaching the adults.

In order to reach the children, teachers must be trained. Several agricultural colleges are conducted in connection with the provincial normal colleges, and will tend to change the country school from the city type. Gradually the teachers trained in these places will change nature study to elementary agriculture. In time, possibly, the school garden and the school farm will be regarded as necessary as any other laboratory.

Canada is beginning to do systematically what we in the United States have been doing spasmodically and fragmentarily. Some day rural art, rural architecture, rural society and social customs will have dignity and distinction. But first we shall have to build as foundation, with educated minds as material, a sound rural economic system.

LET it be your first care not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor, whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare.—*Dr. Johnson.*

On the Value of Early Rising

From The Young Man

MEN of all ages and of all nations have realized the importance of early rising, of giving the best time of the day—the morning—to their work, and proverbs in all languages testify to the universality of this sentiment. Who is it that is not familiar with the pithy sayings in the Book of Proverbs? And are we not always quoting Benjamin Franklin's saying:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and
wise.

The Germans say—
Morgenstund hat Gold im Mund,
and the French—

Homme matineux, allegre, sain et
soigneux.

Many similar proverbs might be quoted, and the reader will find a few elsewhere in this chapter.

The farmer knows that the best part of his work has to be done before midday; the great industries maintain strict rules and enforce early and punctual attendance at work—the very existence of a factory often depending upon it. With the small establishments the point of making the best use of the early hours is a greater necessity still, as in these days of keen competition—

The early bird picks up the crumbs. Here the extension of time does not alone come into consideration, but also our greater vigor, activity, and fitness for work, particularly if the occupation is of a sedentary character.

The best of Victor Hugo's work was

done in the early morning when the rest of the household were still slumbering. William Chambers, the founder of Chambers's Journal, that pioneer of the cheap magazine, rose at five o'clock. "To have a spell of reading until it was time to think of moving off." It was at so early an hour that he dipped into such solid works as Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Locke's *Human Understanding*, etc. In the winter months, when he could not afford either light or fuel, he obtained a post of "reader" to a baker and his two sons while they were preparing their batch. He had to be at the cellar, which did office for a bake-house, at five o'clock in the morning. Gladstone was another noted early riser, and it will interest our young friends to know that one of their favorite authors, Jules Verne, was another; indeed, his day's work was done well before noon.

"Time is money"; it is of value to every one engaged in any kind of work. One hour a day more makes in three hundred working days an increase of three hundred working hours, or an equivalent of thirty working days of ten hours each. Think of what the loss of these hours means to agriculture, trade, and industry! A month wasted! What can you not do with an extra month in the year, young man? In the early hours of the day the mind is clearer and fresher, the memory more receptive, and the work in hand done with greater ease than when one rises late with dulled eyes and heavy head.

Everybody has once in a way experienced how much fresher mind and

body feel, if the resolution to rise immediately from the first sleep is for once carried out. The day's work assumes a brighter aspect—already the self-restraint in withstanding the inclination for a further rest is lessening, and as in itself an achievement of no mean order. We have displayed energy, and we are pleased with ourselves. The day has begun with a victory over self-indulgence; this has, usually, an influence for good on the succeeding hours, and we have more go—not only do we feel, but actually are, more active and more industrious. Then, again, if we get up early our temper is the better for it, and things which usually rattle us will pass over smoothly. On the way to the station in the morning people will not be in the way. We do not "just miss" our train, nor do we "just catch" it, putting like the engine in front. If we get up early our health is the better for it, and we shall have saved many a shilling bottle of medicine. We shall be enabled to eat our breakfast more leisurely, and surely the "hurried" breakfast of the average city worker is responsible for a vast amount of ill-health and sometimes some of the seeds of most painful diseases.

The extra morning hour is not only a gain in time but also in vital energy, and that is really the principal advantage to all who have not an appointed daily work to perform, or who are not in need of more time or money, having a fresh plenty of both at their disposal. But vital energy, will-power, self-confidence, freshness of mind—these cannot be brought forth cold, yet are their welcome to all whatever their station in life. There is another most important question often lost sight of—that of our eyes. Seneca said: "The morning hours and the afternoon are the most suitable hours for studying or straining the eye—light best. After dinner and in the evening it is injurious to exert the eyes." Wesley reports his experience: "When I was young, my eyesight was weak; forty years later it was much stronger. I ascribe this im-

provement to the habit I acquired of rising early." Quite so! The general improvement in health and well-being combines with it a sharpening and strengthening of the senses. Parents, as a rule, do not consider what a valuable asset they give to their child on the way through life by accustoming it to the habit of early rising; a habit that strengthens and develops both body and soul with lifelong good effect. Many an existence would be the brighter for it.

To secure these advantages a practice must be made of early rising—to rise early once in a while is of little use. To rise early one must of necessity retire to rest at a reasonable time. To wake up fresh is a happiness that can only follow after the sound sleep of early night. The one follows on the other. This is the foundation of a natural life and the best guarantee for the healthy action of our organs. We awake and rise naturally because no more sleep is needed. We go to rest and have a sound sleep, being tired out at the end of a long day and requiring the renewing of our strength and energy. The natural consequence of a healthy sleep is a good appetite, and early rising exerts a beneficial influence on the digestive organs. Poor is the appetite of people who sleep long and late. Exercise and activity alone create a healthy longing for food. We go to the breakfast-table after having been up for an hour or two with a very different feeling to that we experience when we go to it immediately upon rising and trampling into our clothes. The appetite, moreover, will remain thus stimulated for ever—men all through the day. The body will gain in strength and the mind in brightness; both will be reinvigorated and renewed; the harmony of our whole system will be raised, our nerves soothed—we may even forget that we have any; we become cool, more resolute, and more able to withstand external influences and afflictions; our constitution is strengthened, our temper becomes more cheerful and good-natured.

The medical profession lays stress, and rightly so, on the return to a more natural and simple mode of living as a help in combating ill-health. A great number of the "cures" of watering-places, ascribed to the beneficial qualities of the springs, are really the result of persistent and sustained reform of the habits of the patient. This is indeed the acknowledged basis of the treatment in hydropathic establishments.

We appeal, then, to the many in search of health, or renewal of lost vitality at the seaside, at spas, at climatic health-resorts; for the favor and goodwill of Mother Nature has most certainly to be solicited and won. Never miss the salutation of the rising sun. Be not angry with the officious servant who calls you at sunrise. Treat bad weather with disdain. Do not let a mist or chill prevent you from carrying out your resolution, but compel yourself to rise early even at the cost of some inconvenience.

Look at the attendants at health-resorts! Does not their usual healthy appearance strikingly illustrate the good effects of early rising and of regular living? They are, as a rule, fresh and roddy, bright, strong and healthy in body and sound despite their employment, irksome, fatiguing, and often very trying. Many a rich patient in indifferent health would willingly part with a good deal of his wealth in exchange for their health and strength. And yet he has but to follow their example and "give to the day what is due thereunto, and to the night what it due to the night."

The beneficial results of early rising are most noticeable in the classes that have to begin work in the early hours of the day. It is a well-established fact, for instance, that the hard-working country people have always been known to be healthy and strong, and it is to them that the nation will always look to renew the stock, and thus prevent extinction of the race consequent upon the deteriorating effect of town life.

There are various reasons for this:

The healthy occupation, the abundance of fresh air, the simple fare, and the quiet life; all these tend towards that end, but the foundation of all is "early rising." This breeds men energy and gives them that dogged perseverance characteristic of the countryman. To this is due their strength and their uprightness as a class all through the changing centuries. To this also are due the strong frames and firm characters that withstand the ravages of time and the ordinary wear and tear of a toilsome and hard life, until they reach the ripe age of seventy or eighty years.

With the industrial worker these facts are less prominent. As pointed out before, unfavorable conditions of work deprive him of some of the healthful advantages to be derived from early rising. The soldiers, another class of early risers, are expected to show great physical and moral endurance. They have to bear without a murmur all kinds of privations and hardships, hunger and thirst, night-watches and sentry-duty, heat and cold. Even in time of peace, their calling is no sinecure, but one continuous strain. And yet the young soldier becomes a strong and hardy man. Strictly regulated life and early hours have much to do with this result. Every fresh day in his training goes to build up the solid foundation of vigor and energy, and helps to create a power of enduring with ease exertions from which weaker natures would shrink.

It is perhaps too much to say that all who reach a ripe old age like and practice early rising. It is, however, well known that the majority of old people, who enjoy all their faculties and maintain a certain amount of vigor and energy, have cultivated the habit of an early breakfast. A French proverb of the time of Francis I. promises a full century as a reward for this:

Lever a six, diner a dix, souper a six, fait vivre dix fois dix.

Every one can from the circle of his acquaintances recall cases where

the age of seventy or eighty has been reached or passed with the full enjoyment of all bodily and mental faculties as the result of regular habits of living.

Kant, Humboldt, Benjamin Franklin, Moltke, Thiers, Gladstone, etc., were all early risers, and they reached a ripe old age. William Wesley, the father of the Methodists, suffered in health through sleeplessness until he accustomed himself to rise regularly at four o'clock. The result was very satisfactory, and he was able to continue an active life to the age of eighty-eight years.

Amongst the writers on diet, Inffeland, (1798) is the first to refer to the importance of our subject. Earlier writers on health have considered the quality and quantity of food and drink, precautions against catching colds or infectious diseases, etc. They did not say much about the natural disposition of the day or the time for meals or rest. It is possible that there was little need in those days to remind people of the necessity to retire early and to live more in accordance with nature. Even Inffeland dismisses the subject with only a few words: "After a good sleep we feel rejuvenated; early in the morning we are taller than in the evening, we enjoy sensibility, elasticity, strength and resolve, the qualities of youth."

In the evening, however, we are dull, stiff, tired, the feelings of old age predominate. Every day seems like a small sketch of our life—the morning like youth, the midday like manhood, the evening like old age. Who would not prefer to use the early hours of the day for work? Early in the morning the human mind is in its greatest purity, energy, and freshness. That is therefore the right time

for new creations, great thoughts and study. Man never enjoys the feeling of his existence so completely as on a fine morning. He who neglects the early hours wastes the youth of his life.

We now quote a modern opinion. A medical man, connected with one of the largest London hospitals, says in a London daily, June 19, 1900: "Pure air is of as much importance as pure food; particularly in a city like London, where the air is being constantly fouled, too many precautions cannot be taken. The enormous number of horses in the London streets is an important factor in rendering London air impure. One working horse will use as much air in an hour as twenty men. Five o'clock on a fine summer morning is the best time to take a walk in London. The air then is splendid."

All authorities on this subject agree in recommending seven to eight hours' sleep in a well-ventilated room, without a heavy meal immediately preceding. The English proverb is:

Light suppers make long lives:
and the French says—

Qui couche avec la nuit se leve avec la santé

He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.

A very true proverb. We would like to extend it: He that goes to bed hungry . . . The benefit will be felt the next morning.

Concerning late suppers, the Portuguese says:

Se queres enfermar, cea e valte deltar

If you wish to be ill, sup and go to bed.

Once more be it said that the cardinal rule of health is: **RISE EARLY.**

Getting in Out of the Rain

By H. C. TWINELLS

From The Argosy

I OPENED my pay-envelope and mechanically pulled out the bills.

I knew what they were without running through them. Four five-dollar notes. That had been my Saturday portion for over a year.

"John!" came a sudden exclamation beside me as I was about to stuff the thin roll into my pocket.

I turned and faced the shipping clerk. He had his hat on, a suit-case in his hand, and seemed in a hurry.

"John," he repeated quickly. "Will you give me the five spot you owe me? I've got to go out of town over Sunday, and I need all I can get."

I slipped off one of the bills from the inside of the roll and, without looking at it, handed the money over. He stuffed it hurriedly into his pocket and went out at the door, calling back his thanks.

Then it was that I suddenly remembered my resolution to keep him off for another week. But the demand had been so sudden that I was surprised into paying my just debt in spite of the fact that I had decided not to do so.

You see, it was like this: My rent was due that day. I paid it by the month. It was sixteen dollars for the two rooms occupied by my wife and myself in an obscure part of Brooklyn.

In returning the borrowed five to the shipping clerk, I hid myself open to a week of poverty; for besides the fifteen left of my pay, I had only a dollar bill and some odd cents.

That left the "odd cents" as the

only visible means of livelihood for the coming week. I had a vision of free lunches and walking to and from work.

I knew that the landlady would be open to no compromise. I had tried it too often, and it was either pay or move, for the money was two or three days overdue.

The really serious side of the thing did not appeal to me for some time. Then I found that most of the office force had gone, and there was no one left from whom I could borrow so much as a dollar.

I sat down despondently on a shipping-case and began to figure.

The loose change in my pocket, I found, amounted to twenty-seven cents, besides the dollar bill, which would have to go to the landlady, together with the fifteen left of my pay.

I smoothed the dollar bill between my fingers and tried to figure how I could live on four cents a day for a week, or even on twenty-seven cents over Sunday.

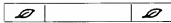
Then I took out the thin roll, from which I had skinned the note for the shipping clerk, and put the dollar bill with the five.

As I sat thumbing the bills over in my most despondent manner I had a sudden shock.

I felt as though a million needles were pricking me. I jumped off the box and stared at the money.

Great Heavens! I found to my dismay that I had only two five-dollar bills and a single one.

Eleven dollars! My rent was six-



teen. What had become of the other five?

I made a frantic search through the office. It was nowhere to be found.

Could I have given the shipping clerk two fives by mistake? No! I remembered the feeling of the single bill that I had passed to him; I had handled money during the cashier's absence once, and I knew the feel of it. I could not be mistaken on that.

In my mind I went back over sixty or more pay-days. Always the four five-dollar bills in my envelope. The cashier could have no mistake.

Just at that moment the latter entered the door.

"Hallo, John," he said, "Come back after my umbrella."

I jumped at a straw and asked him if there could have been any mistake, if he could have put only fifteen dollars in my envelope.

"No, nothing like that, John," was his reply. "The pay is always double-checked you know, and there is no possible chance for error."

"Maybe the boss reduced my salary!" I cried.

"No. It isn't likely. You're still on the list at twenty."

The thing was inexplicable.

I wanted to believe that I had given the shipping clerk two fives, but I knew very well I hadn't.

The cashier slipped out at the back door before I could ask him for a loan, and the janitor came around to close up. I tried to borrow a quarter from him; my pride was losing its footing.

He gave me twenty-five cents; but these could not be converted into cash. So I went out into the street in a very miserable condition.

Ten cents ear fare home would leave me with seventeen cents. That would buy a handsome meal, and my wife waiting at home until I returned with the money for Sunday provisions.

Thereupon I took a mighty vow never to pay another debt as long as I lived. Borrowing money had never

got me into the trouble that returning it had.

I was just shuddering in a delicate decision between a article's grave or enlisting in the navy and deserting my wife, when a sudden shower came up.

Lodging quickly around for shelter I espied the wide-open door of an auction store. Several people were hurrying in out of the storm, and I trailed in with them.

Assuredly I gazed at the resplendent auctioneer.

"Stay out of the wet. That's right. This is as good a place as any. It doesn't cost anything. In fact, you make money by coming in. Every thing for nothing to-day. Something for everybody. Presents given away to-day. Articles of intrinsic worth selling for a song."

Not being much of a singer, and having nothing else with which to purchase articles of intrinsic worth, I was interested in the sale merely as a haven of refuge in time of storm.

The crowd jostled and shoved as the place filled up with those driven in by the rain. I was finally pushed to a point near the front and next to the cashier's desk.

Such things as umbrellas, pipes, vases, games, and knickknacks held no interest for me. At that moment a coffin would have more nearly suited my taste.

I turned and watched the good-looking cashier taking in the money that deluged down for the trifle.

In a whimsical way I estimated my chances if I should be led to reach out and grab one of the five-dollar bills to make up my loss.

For want of better amusement, I watched the cash in. She seemed worried. The money was coming in too fast for her, and most of it was in bills. She seemed to be new at the work and was having an awful time making change.

She turned to one of the boys that helped carry out the purchased articles.

"John," she said, "tell Mr. Hackett

that I must have some change. I'm all out of small bills. Tell him to send you out for some fives, twos and ones."

The boy went at once, and the girl continued to take in money hand over land. Finally she was swamped with large bills, and Mr. Hackett, who proved to be a silent partner in the auction-room, supplied her with all the change from his pocket.

The supply didn't last long, and a few minutes later I noticed somebody proffer a ten-dollar bill.

"I can't change it," she said hopelessly.

The girl was pretty, and caught me looking at her that moment. Something in my manner must have told her that I had two five-dollar bills. Anyway, she raised her heavy eyebrows in my direction, shifted her wad of gum, and said:

"You couldn't change a ten-dollar bill, could you?"

It was the smile that made me obliging. I reached into my pocket and handed her the two fives. I figured that I might do one good deed to stand out like a bright spot in all the trouble I'd had.

She thanked me with her lips and the gum, and I tucked the ten-dollar bill she gave me into my pocket.

A little ambition seemed to creep upon me unawares. I still had eleven dollars and twenty-seven cents. That wasn't so bad; I've known poorer people. I began to expand a bit and look around for some way to get enough money to make up my loss.

Then the auctioneer held up a dazzling array of dishes.

"Every piece hand-printed by Takahara in Tokyo. Guaranteed genuine. See the print on the bottom!"

He slipped a tea-cup from the Japanese set over a glaring electric light bulb. The china looked like egg-shell, and on the bottom appeared the scraggly signature of Takahara, of Tokyo.

I had never heard of the Japanese gentleman, but it seemed to me that my aunt, who was a great collector of

china, had mentioned his name in her latest and most awful voice.

"Fifty cents," offered some unappreciative person in the audience.

The auctioneer fixed a baleful eye on the offender and paused for effect. Then he delivered a deluge of sarcasm, and finally held up one cup and saucer.

"I will sell them separately," he announced. "They ought to bring fifty dollars apiece. Any collector of china would pay that for them. Here, I'll sell two cups and two saucers this time. What do I hear?"

"One dollar," said somebody, emboldened by the auctioneer's argument and doing his best to show proper appreciation.

The auctioneer smiled in that expressive way they have. Then he fixed a piercing eye on me.

"You'll give two dollars, wouldn't you?"

I was as wax in his hands; an auctioneer can always hypnotize me. Suddenly I heard the birds sing, and all was spring-time.

I thought of my Aunt Elizabeth, who collected china. I could buy the things for a mere song and sell them to her for a grand opera.

"Yes," I murmured meekly, the great scheme beating at my heart.

"Sold!" barked the auctioneer the moment the words had left my mouth. I reeled and felt that I was sold, but wouldn't admit it.

Stepping over to the smiling cashier, I proffered the ten-dollar bill.

"He hasn't come back with the change yet. Here, maybe I can make it, though. How much was your purchase: two dollars?"

She dived into a little drawer at the back of her desk and brought out three coins. With these she put a fifty-cent piece and handed them over to me.

I noted that the three coins were two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces. I had never seen one before and was rather suspicious of them, not being perfectly sure that the United States issued a gold piece of that amount.

"Haven't you any bills?" I protested.

"No, you'll have to take those or wait till the boy comes back."

"Are they good?" I faltered.

"Of course," she cried. "I just took them in."

Taking my precious tea-cups, painted by Takahara, of Tokyo, I left before the auctioneer could fix his eye on me again and sell me a Brazilian diamond.

Aunt Elizabeth evidently had been cultivating a grouse.

When I uncovered the gorgeous genuine articles and offered them to her for ten dollars, stating that was just what I paid for them, she denounced me for a fraud and led me by the ear to the nearest five-and-ten-cent store, where she showed me specimens of the same art, with the same name and design, on the five-cent counter.

That took the wind out of my sails. I started back to throw the china at the auctioneer's head and get put in jail, possibly as a murderer. That would be a good finish.

I still had nine dollars and twenty-seven cents; that could go to my heels; I was determined to be buried at public expense.

I reviewed the whole sad, smart story as I returned to the auction-house, with murder in my eye and the tea-cups in my hand.

As I neared the auctioneer's place, and was planning the most sensational way in which to throw my china bomb, a sign in a street-window attracted my attention.

I drew up and looked at the articles exposed. Then I dived into my pocket and pulled out the three two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces that I had been doubting all along.

I compared them with the ones on display in the window. I gave one wild whoop of joy and read the sign again.

FINISHED ON FIVE GOLD PIECES

The United States has coined in the past of two-dollar and half gold pieces, and we are in the market for them.

We offer a premium of ten dollars apiece for bringing in your gold pieces and get seven dollars and fifty cents in groceries for each one.

I dashed into the coin-and-stamp store, and in two minutes, by the clock was standing on the curb, holding in my trembling hand \$32.50, which I had received in exchange for the three gold pieces.

I still had \$1.77, making a total of \$34.27.

I felt like a billionaire. I blessed the cashier in the auction-store who had been pressed by the lack of change, to give me gold pieces. It was lucky she had not seen the sign or heard of the sudden recall of the little gold coins.

My landlady beamed on me that night when I paid the rent.

My wife was ureathed in smiles when I presented her with two hand-painted china tea-cups, done by Takahara of Tokyo, which I told her were valued at fifty dollars apiece.

Monday morning I went back to work with new zest. I had forgotten about the five dollars missing from my pay. The lucky purchase at the auction had more than made up for it.

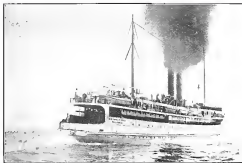
"John," came a sudden voice, as I was absorbed in my duties.

I looked up and beheld the shipping clerk extending a five-dollar bill in my direction. I took it, forgetting to ask what it was for until he explained.

"John," he said, "you gave me a ten-dollar bill instead of a five last Saturday. I never noticed till I was on the train."

Then I understood. The cashier had for once departed from his regular rule of four five-dollar bills, and slipped two fives and one ten in my envelope.

I blessed him for the mistake. It had put me on the road to Westville. It had netted me just thirteen dollars clear profit, to say nothing of the handsome pair of tea-cups. We still have them in a conspicuous place on the plate-rack.



THE GERMAN-YACHT 'DEUTSCHLAND'

Crossing the Baltic Sea by Train

TRANSLATED By MAX BRUNNER

From the Vossische Zeitung

WHO would have dreamt a generation ago of crossing the Baltic Sea on a train-ferry?

Yet to-day it is done. Sweden and Germany are linked together even more closely than Britain with Ireland; and it is possible now to speak of a railway journey between Berlin and Stockholm as a fiscal matter of course. We wish to call attention to the four sea-going ferries which are now plying between Sassnitz, in Germany, and Trelleborg, in Sweden, a distance of no less than 65 nautical miles, and recent events are our justification for describing these remarkable vessels. The official inauguration of the service, which took place in July, marks the successful launching of a great Government enterprise.

The formal opening of the new direct route between the two countries and capitals took the form of regal ceremonies on German and Swedish soil, which were attended by the Emperor William, King Gustav and a distinguished company of officials. The illustrious party assembled on the ferry-boat "Deutschland," where Herr Breitenbach, the German Minister of Public Works, delivered a speech, in which he pointed out that the newly-established service would have the effect of vigorously promoting personal and commercial intercourse between Germany and Sweden. After the inauguration ceremony the Swedish visitors were entertained at lunch on board the Imperial German yacht Hohenzollern by the Emperor, who, addressing the company, thanked the



INTERIOR OF GERMAN-SWEDISH FERRY

King of Sweden for his personal attendance at the ceremony, and expressed the wish that the new route across the Baltic might be the means of powerfully stimulating and promoting trade and intercourse between Germany and Sweden, and constituting a new bridge between the hearts of the two kindred nations. The King of Sweden, in reply, cordially thanked the Emperor for his friendly words, and expressed the hope that the new link between Germany and Sweden might help to strengthen and develop the cordial relations between the two countries, which had been friends from ancient times.

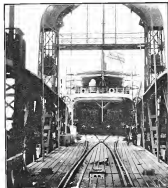
The Sassnitz-Trelleborg steam ferry boats are the largest hitherto built. The service will be maintained by four steamers, two German, the "Preussen" and the "Deutschland," and two Swedish, the "Oskar II." and the "Drottning Viktoria." The last-named vessel was built in England to the order of the Swedish Government (Royal Administration of the Swedish State Railways) and was launched on the Tyne from the Neptune Works. She is 354 feet in length by

over 50-foot beam, and is propelled by twin-screw triple-expansion engines of 3,400 h.p., supplied with steam from four large boilers working under Howden's system of forced draught. The trains are carried on two tracks on the whole surface of the deck. Above this deck are luxuriously-equipped rooms for the passengers, including smoking-room, lounge, and special suites. Underneath the ear deck are many staterooms for passengers who are not occupying the sleeping berths on the train; both first-class and third-class are thus provided for. The vessel has been designed to be very steady at sea, and has unusually large bilge keels fitted to minimize the rolling. A large number of ring plates and screws and spring buffers are arranged to prevent the cars from moving when at sea. For safety in entering and leaving port a bow rudder is fitted, as well as the stern rudder, and both are controlled by steam from the captain's bridge. The steamer has been divided into a very large number of watertight compartments, which, with

CROSSING THE BALTIC SEA BY TRAIN.

the Stone-Lined bulkhead doors with which she is fitted, render her practically unsinkable. She is also fitted with submarine signal installation. The ventilating and heating is ensured by an installation of thermo tanks, enabling fresh warm air to be forced into all the rooms in winter and fresh

cool air in summer. With a speed of 16.5 knots she will make her journey between Trelleborg and Sassnitz within four hours quite comfortably. It will be interesting to watch, and, if possible, compare her service results with those of the other three vessels on the route.



THE LANDING DOCK.



Things that Shorten Life

By HARRISON L. BEACH

From Pearson's Magazine

SOME years ago, the Chicago police force boarded a lieutenant named Thomas Beck, whose skill as a detective and whose dauntless courage in the presence of danger never received full recognition from the public or from the department of which he was a member. He was slender, a consumptive, weak in body, and of limited endurance. Despite these handicaps, he never at any time hesitated to engage in combat with any man, no matter how large or powerful he might be.

"I generally hit him first," he used to say, "and if I just hit him hard enough that's about all there is to that particular fight."

Beck's reasoning was but a homelier phrasing of the ancient military maxim, "A vigorous offensive is the best defense." It has required the world many centuries and much bitter experience to realize even a portion of this truth, but in no sphere of human endeavor has it been more generally appreciated than in medicine and in sanitary science. It is becoming every day more clearly understood that a disease attacked is far less dangerous and deadly than a disease attacking, and the trend of modern medical investigation is now even more toward methods of prevention than towards processes of cure. Physicians generally, and laymen occasionally, are now aware of the fact that if they can only strike the first blow and deliver it with sufficient vigor, "that's about all there is to that particular fight."

What the physician and the Board of Health may do is highly important, but much of it is nullified by what the layman does in violation, and fails to do in observance of sanitary laws and hygienic good sense.

What the layman can do, if he will, toward prevention and eradication of disease is so much, so important, so far-reaching, and generally so easy of accomplishment, that it is difficult to know where to begin to enumerate his possibilities, or having begun, to find a stopping place. The essence of the matter may, however, be comprehended in this statement:

There is no place in this world so unlighted or so unhealthy that it cannot be made as beautiful and as healthful as its residents desire it to be. That is a broad statement, and one which, in some instances, will require a very considerable expenditure of time and money to substantiate, but it cannot be disproved.

Obviously, the readiest way in which the layman can preserve the general health is to exercise perfect care in looking after his own. If this was universally done, the physical condition of any community or of any nation would within a few years reach a standard which has not been approached in our modern civilization.

The layman, however, will not take perfect care of himself for several reasons. The chief of these is that he does not know how; others are, lack of requisite strength of will and perseverance, indifference, and even

laziness, for good health to be won or maintained must be worked for.

Another heavy obstacle in the path of perfect individual health is that men do not willingly abandon their personal inclinations and desires, even though aware that their indulgence is physically harmful. What they want, or what gives them pleasure, that must they have, and their health must do the best it can under the circumstances.

Foremost of all things that the layman can do for himself, for his family, for his race, for the good of the world, and for those also who inhabit the world when he and his generation are gone, is to lead a clean moral life. His present and past neglect of this primary physical law is the blackest tragedy the modern world has known. All the wars of the last five hundred years, with their total of mental and physical agony, with their privation and hardship, with all their expenditure of blood and treasure, are insignificant compared to the suffering and financial loss caused by this one thing.

Those kindred horrors of war, famine and pestilence, are as nothing to it. When wars are finished, their dead are only dead. After years of famine and the sweep of the pestilence come other years of plenty and of health. The curse of immorality, however, lives on and on for years, blighting the lives of innocent people, and forever creating sorrow and wrecking the health of the race as it passes along. Its effects are felt long after he who caused and transmitted them has been forgotten. As a source of moral and physical deterioration, it has no parallel in the history of the world. Wipe out this living tragedy, and then let men do in all other things much of what they will in violation of the laws of health and the physical standard of the human race must of necessity advance.

Generally speaking, what the average man, outside the medical profession, does not know concerning the physical improvement and preserva-

tion of his own body is appalling. He cannot even tell how he is constructed. Not one man in one hundred thousand knows how many bones and muscles he has. He cannot tell the fibula from the tibia, and if metatarsal or metacarpal bones are mentioned, the strong probability is that he will instinctively think of his backbone. If he is asked to locate the occiput or describe the phalanges, he is reduced to hopeless impotence.

No man understands what to do with those things of which he knows nothing, and if this is what he knows or does not know, regarding the construction of his body, how can it be expected that he will know how to care for it?

It is the absolute truth that the great majority of men do not know how to eat properly, when and when not to drink, how to breathe, or how to exercise correctly. They do not even know how to stand up.

Making the violent assumption that the average man has an embryonic notion of these things, he so rarely puts it into practice that the net result is exactly as though he knew nothing. It must be remembered that it is not what the man may know about advancing the physical standard of the human race, but what he does toward that end, that counts. What the average citizen achieves in this direction is both pitiful and pathetic. It is even less than the sum total of his knowledge, insignificant as that total is.

Every day in every city in this country, which is large enough to board a street-car line or a railroad suburban service, may be seen the spectacle of men hurling themselves through the air for half a square or more, with all the grace and speed of an aged, over-fed duck, in their effort to overtake a fleeing trolley car or to catch a departing train. They make this spasmodic exertion in cheerful ignorance of the fact that they are bringing a sudden and severe strain upon a heart that has not for years been asked to beat faster than

ordinary, unless indeed, it has palpitated in response to indigestion. A quick, sharp run of several hundred feet, is in reality a dangerous performance for any man not in good physical condition. All men, at least all men under forty-five years of age, should be able to pick up their feet, and run as the wicked flee, when pursuing a car, but not one man in twenty-five thousand makes anything but a fearful spectacle of himself as he runs, or presents anything but an apologetic exhibition at the close of a dash of two hundred feet.

Any man of sense knows he could not demand a proportionate effort from a horse without danger of injuring it for life; yet he will do such things to himself without a thought. A man who values himself at \$25,000 worth of life insurance will take these sudden, swift runs immediately after eating, when he would not dream of allowing a horse worth \$200 to attempt the same thing. He would not call upon the horse for severe effort until it had been properly conditioned by careful training.

And when it comes to eating—the bare thought of what men do to themselves is enough to cause a marble statue of Hygieia to groan aloud. Hastily disposing of their breakfasts, and rushing to their offices, they work until the luncheon hour, and then in many instances tear out to a restaurant, toss down a mass of bodied cabbage, weighting it with a slab of beef the size of a door-mat, rush back to work, and then wonder why they do not feel bright and clever. If they patronize the eat-quick lunch-counters, their abuse of themselves is only intensified. The lunch-counter has but one hygienic advantage over the restaurant—the man who goes there eats less than he who patronizes the more pretentious place—but in other respects, due, in the greater part, to men's senseless hurry, it acts as a foe to digestive tranquility, and is a menace to health and comfort.

This catalogue of man's inhumanity to himself might be prolonged un-

definitely. It could easily be proven that men do not breathe properly, because they inhale too quickly and superficially. They gasp with the upper portion of their lungs when they should completely fill them at every breath. It is a curious fact that bodily vigor in the animal world is in an inverse ratio to the number of breaths taken. An elephant will inhale about six times per minute while a mouse breathes one hundred and twenty times in the same period.

Men know about as much of hygienic drinking as they do of eating, and they practice sanitary sense in this direction even less than at the dinner table.

Whether alcohol is a food or a stimulant, is a matter which has been debated by keener intellects and more technical expert knowledge than is involved in the preparation of this article—and the question is still undetermined. No matter whether it is a food or a stimulant, the question for the layman to answer to himself is, "Does it benefit or injure me?"—and if he replies honestly and with full appreciation of all it involves, he will tell himself that it is a good thing to let alone.

No trainer of athletes will allow a man under his care to put alcohol in to himself. He regards it, in fact, as equivalent to so much poison, and it is desperately poor logic to say that what is harmful to a man in approximately perfect condition can, on the whole, be beneficial to a man of inferior health. This is no argument in favor of prohibition, but it is safe to say, bearing in mind that no rule of physical culture applies importantly to all men, that any stimulant constantly taken will in time detract from the highest bodily welfare. No man in perfect health has need of a stimulant, and the man whose physical power is below par requires it still less, unless his condition is serious. A stimulant that lodges in the intellect is worth any number of stimulants that get home to a man through his stomach.

In one sense, it sounds ridiculous to say that men do not know enough to stand up properly; but any instructor in physical culture will assert this as a fact. Probably the best example of perfect pose in the standing man with which Americans are familiar is a West Point cadet at "Attention." From his ear to his heel is one straight line, and from the arch of his chest to the line of his waist is a gentle concavity. He stands with, to use the military expression, "the body thrown forward on the hips." And his weight rests more on the balls of his feet than upon his heels. Now, look at any group of civilians anywhere in this country, and notice how they stand. To use an expression somewhat inelegant, they "sloach." Ask one of them to throw his body "forward on the hips," and he will poke it outward from the waistline, protruding still more an abdomen already too well advertised. Men habitually rest their weight in standing upon their heels, when they should hold themselves erect by their muscles. It is inside the truth to say that not one man in fifty thousand stands correctly.

Having glanced briefly at what the layman in general knows about himself, and what he does to and for himself, and having seen that he does not eat, drink, or exercise properly, it is painfully evident that he is in vital need of instruction as to what is important for his physical well-being. If he will absorb this instruction and then live according to what he has absorbed, much will have been done for the community at large, because the health of no people can be better or worse than the average health of its individual members.

Turning now to the broader question of how the layman can aid the community by preventing disease, the possibilities seem even larger than before. There are so many things that it is almost impossible to enumerate them in an article of this size. Possibly, the entire proposition can be best summed up in the Golden Rule

of Municipal Health, formulated by Secretary Edward R. Pritchard, of the Chicago Department of Health—"A man should be willing to do as much to protect the families of others, as he wishes other families to do to protect his family."

It sounds easy—it is easy, but the vigor which most men exhibit in combating and circumventing the simplest and most fundamental rules of the Board of Health in our large cities would do wonders for the public weal if exerted in the contrary direction.

It is stating the simplest and most self-evident proposition to say that it is the duty of every man to aid in stamping out contagious disease. It is equally superfluous to assert that every inch of progress in this direction lengthens the average term of life. Yet men, sensible men, sensible at least on other propositions, constantly make all possible efforts to evade compliance with the laws devised for the control and supervision of contagion, when a member of their own family is involved.

For instance, if a man of this type, and he is an extremely numerous type, sees some day, tacked upon a neighbor's door, a colored card informing all readers that scarlet fever or diphtheria is in that house, he commends the advertisement as a wise and prudent proceeding, and praises the Department of Health for its energy and zeal. However, bringing that scarlet fever or that diphtheria into his own home, mail that colored card on his own door, and then see what he does. Fifty times out of one hundred he will hasten to the Health Department and ask that the card be removed. Strangest of all, he almost invariably makes the request on the ground that he is "intelligent." That is what he claims to be—"intelligent." The trend of his argument is:

"It is all well enough to put such a card on Brown's door, but it is a bit needed with us. We are intelligent—we know what to do—we will see that the contagion is not spread."

What such a man would say, of a

railroad company that failed to erect signs at crossings, or neglected to put red lights on the rear of trains, would probably be made for publication—yet here he objects and often does it loudly, persistently, and at much length, to warning possible visitors of the danger that may meet them at his door and slay them after they have departed.

This is no fancy sketch, no flight of the imagination. Any health commissioner in any large city in the United States can give countless instances of this kind, and the greater part of them are furnished by people who might naturally be supposed to know better.

There is nothing in fact more important for the layman to do in conserving the health of his community, than to make it his business to see that any contagious disease, either in his own family, or in that of one of his neighbors, is promptly reported to the health department. Under existing laws, the physicians relieve the household of responsibility in this direction, whether he desires it or not. If, however, the layman acquires the habit of reporting contagion whenever and wherever he finds it, a long step toward eradication of disease will have been taken.

Beyond aiding the Department of Health by giving it work to do, let the layman see that he assists it by giving it money with which to properly care for the work he thrusts upon it. The lack of equipment, and the miserable facilities afforded the boards of health in many cities in the United States, is a standing outrage. Many men are of the opinion that a board of health has fulfilled its mission when it has lifted a dead horse from the street, tacked a colored card on a neighbor's door, or carted away from a vacant lot the corpse of a cat which died in the long ago. These things, to the average taxpayer, show vigilance on the part of the board, and yet they are complexed, important as they are, with the *raison d'être* of the work. It is vitally important that a board of

health should be able to study and apply the most advanced methods for the prevention and eradication of disease. To accomplish this, its officials must be able to study the causes of epidemics, and, if possible, devise their cure. They must be able to instruct the ignorant, and to combat the "intelligent." To do these things requires money and no small amount of it. Any city can be made a health resort if its inhabitants so determine, and it is known as such is a tremendously valuable asset to any place, and one that is invariably worth more than it costs.

If the layman has properly cared for himself and has morally and financially held up the hands of the Board of Health, he has done much; but there is still more that he can accomplish. For example, let him see that stagnant water is not allowed to remain on his premises to serve as a breeding-place for mosquitoes, which, it is well known, are frequent carriers of disease germs. If the water cannot be drained away, the surface may be sprayed with kerosene, which will "do the business" for the mosquitoes.

It has been clearly established that the fly is also a conveyor of contagion, and if energetic attention is given to the questions of preventing its propagation and accomplishing its destruction, the health of the community will have escaped a serious handicap.

It is not difficult to kill a fly, and the majority of people can, after more or less thought, arrive at a tolerably effective method. Any plan is good if faithfully followed. The average citizen, however, is generally too deeply interested in other things than in giving himself an exercise gallop around his premises for the purpose of making war on flies. As a task it is tiresome, and as a sport it lacks variety and excitement. No person is likely to long continue at the work of destroying flies if constant personal exercise is required. It is best, therefore, to employ one of those semi-automatic methods which pro-

duce results without excessive expenditure of physical force. The well-known fly-paper is one of these; filling shallow dishes with a seven per cent. solution of borohydrate of potash sweetened with sugar is another. What will kill a mosquito will generally dispose of a fly, and spraying garbage boxes with kerosene is a most effective method of making war.

It is entirely possible that many people will think that the hygienic importance of killing flies is over-estimated. Let them remember, however, that eleven years ago the United States went to war with one of the great nations of the earth, and that all the American blood spilled by the soldiers of Spain was insignificant compared to the ravages made upon the nation's manhood by flies. Eighty-seven per cent. of the total deaths in that war was caused by typhoid, and in all, or nearly all, of these cases, the contagion was carried by the fly. We could crush the Spanish fleets in Manila Bay and off Santiago, we could storm the hills of San Juan and the town of El Caney, but we were powerless to defend our soldiers against the fly.

The crusade against the house fly has lately been given particular impetus in Berkeley, California, the seat of the University of California. Professor W. B. Hernes, of that institution, has shown that out of several hundred tests not one fly was found whose feet and mouth did not contain germs of disease. He has produced large cultures of bacteria by allowing flies, caught in various parts of the city, to walk in sterilized gelatine. The result of his experiments was a decided surprise to the people of Berkeley, and the black flag, as to flies, was instantly hoisted. If such conditions prevail in a town so comparatively clean as Berkeley, it is fair to assume that they are far more serious in the more congested centres of population.

The subject of ventilation is so vast, its bearings upon the physical welfare of the individual and of the

race as a whole so varied and manifold, and there is so much that can be done with it publicly and in private, that a series of books—large fat books—might be written upon it alone.

For a man to go to the mouth of a sewer for his drinking water is a most unpleasant suggestion, and yet few people stop to think that they may infect themselves just as surely by breathing vitiated air as by swallowing contaminated water. Every day and every night thousands of people deliberately poison themselves by living and sleeping in tightly closed apartments in which the air has been robbed of all its life-giving properties. The widespread and constantly growing practice of sleeping out of doors, or with the windows opened wide, has already done wonders in improving health in individual cases and is certain to work still greater benefits hereafter. It not only is one of the best preventatives of disease on earth, but it is the cheapest of them all.

The benefits of fresh air in the working and sleeping rooms are too well known to call for further mention in an article of this kind, and yet there is an amazingly large number of really intelligent people who know nothing, or care nothing, for what it can and will do for them, if they will only give it a chance.

A direct case in point in one of the most widely known contributors to the leading magazines of this country. A man of keen intellect, and mentally well organized save on the subject of "drafts," he lives in mortal terror of being struck by a current of air. The instant he feels the slightest motion in the atmosphere while inside his working room he conjures up a picture of his administrators parceling out his estate. He will, when preparing an important article, lock himself in a small room, and if the weather is cool, open wide the valve of the steam radiator, turn loose with a fast-burning and strong-smelling pipe—and then wonder why he "can't work more than two hours without getting a headache." The reason is

easy to see with the eye and still easier to appreciate with the olfactory nerve; but this man, neat almost to daintiness in his personal habits, calmly poisons himself, lowers the quality and lessens the amount of his work, and shortens his life because of his abnormal fear of moving air which could do him nothing but good.

He, and people like upon him, do not know, or they ignore the fact, that they rob the air of its oxygen, which is all that keeps them alive. As it decreases, their vigor of mind and body must of necessity decline.

Into this matter of ventilation comes the further question of procuring a bountiful supply of fresh air for all buildings that hold large numbers of people, such as theatres, assembly halls and churches. The last are often worse than either of the two first named. It is seldom that they are opened and thoroughly flushed with air, and still more rarely is sunshine allowed to enter them. It is no exaggeration to say that there are many churches in this country into which the sun has never shone since their windows were placed. It has, apparently, been the moving thought in the construction and material management of too many churches, that if the grace of God is made to overflow the soul of man, there is no need for God's good air to reach his lungs, or for God's bright sunshine to rest upon him.

It should be of some comfort to the clergyman who occasionally sees members of his congregation asleep during the sermon to know that they are made drowsy and heavy-lidded more by the tainted air they breathe than by the lack of excitement in his discourse. It is not always that the minister is the sleep-producer in the church.

Aside from its benefits to humanity in general, good ventilation is a distinct and valuable asset for any employer of labor. It has been abundantly proven that in shops and stores where fresh air is circulated, more work is accomplished per head than in

establishments where conditions are bad. Viewed entirely from the standpoint of economy, anything that lessens the vitality of employes does not pay; and whatever increases their health adds to their working capacity. This has been so abundantly demonstrated that it seems strange that in many large commercial houses and manufacturing plants, fresh air is at a premium, and the quarters are so often overcrowded.

When the United States Government buys a horse for its cavalry service, it purchases that animal with the dual intention of getting as much work out of him, and of keeping him efficient as long as possible. It pays no attention whatever to the disposition of the animal, provided it is not an out-and-out man-killer. All it requires is that the horse shall be in good health. All things else are subordinated to that. If builders of factories and employers of labor would, leaving all other considerations aside, apply this rule to their business, and to their employes, it would be far better for the physical welfare of the human race than are the conditions which now so generally prevail.

One great preventative of disease is humidity, and an equally energetic promoter of disease is the absence of humidity. In all sanitary science there is no subject more important nor one more neglected than this. The lack of proper humidity causes catarrh, colds, and other diseases of the mucous membrane, and it is absent in comparatively large degree in the majority of modern homes.

If a man were requested to take up his residence in one of the most arid regions of the earth, where plants will not grow and where animal life barely exists, he would, in all probability, rebel in the most frantic manner. If he were asked to take his wife and children to such a climate and keep them there, he would refuse in the most peremptory fashion. If, on the other hand, he announced that he was about to seek a nice, comfortable desert and live there for the remainder

of his days just because he admired the climate, he would be regarded as a madman. It is true, however, that in many buildings heated to an average temperature of seventy-two degrees, the humidity averages twenty-eight per cent, and in the driest and most forbidding regions of the earth, the humidity averages thirty per cent. Such a region men will shun, and declare it to be uninhabitable, yet in thousands of overheated apartments and houses throughout the country they create a climate that is even worse and more injurious to health.

The average humidity out of doors is seventy per cent, and it is to be wondered at that the sharp and violent change experienced by the person who steps from a humidity of twenty-eight per cent to one of seventy per cent, is productive of injury to, and prone to cause disease in, the membranes of the upper air-passages? Some years ago in Chicago, there was an alarming increase in cases of pneumonia, and after exhaustive investigation, the cause was traced directly to the overheated apartment with its absence of humidity.

If a room is not sufficiently warm for a healthy person at sixty-eight degrees, it is because the humidity and not the heat is too low. Water should be evaporated to make the room comfortable, and there is no need of burning additional coal. If proper attention is given to maintaining the humidity, about twelve and one-half per cent, of the present cost of heating modern apartments and houses can be saved.

Neither heat nor cold, moderate or extreme, has ever, so far as is known, created a specific disease. It is only when separated from the degree of humidity that should accompany them that they become in any way effective

as destroyers of human life through recognized disease.

Other simple things the layman can do tending directly to prevent disease and promote the public health are:

Promptly removing from his premises, or burning, all decaying material of every description.

Keeping covered all receptacles for garbage and frequently cleaning or sprinkling them with lime.

Watching the sewage system closely, seeing that it is kept in good order, does not leak, and is not exposed to flies.

Keeping all food carefully screened. This applies with especial force to grocers, butchers and all other sellers of edibles.

The layman may also, if he be the ice-man, be certain of the purity of his ice. There is frequently great laxity in this direction. Ice companies every year in different parts of the country will pack and sell anything in the form of congealed moisture that is six inches thick and fairly clear to the eye.

There is almost no end to what the layman can do for the preservation of health. In his hands, in fact, lies the physical advancement of the civilized world. The Spartans once revealed what can be done in this direction, and it could be carried through again, if the layman only wills it, and will work to that end. There is no hope that in this age of commercialism he will emulate the Spartan, but despite his gastronomical follies, his hygienic faults, and his occasional sanitary crimes, he is acquiring knowledge and moving, with much deliberation it is true, but still moving in the right direction. He devotes more time and thought at present to physical improvement than ever before, and it is only fair to assume that his progress in the future will be more rapid and greater than it has been heretofore.

Chaperoning Camelia

By W. L. WENDALL
From Pearson's Magazine

"LONG distance from Rosemere for Mr. Ferrell," announced the office boy, at the establishment of Brown, Brown and Ferrell. Mr. John Blount Ferrell, in the act of struggling into a refractory sleeve, gave a desperate pull, felt and heard a responding rip, and dashed into the telephone box. He had just ten minutes in which to catch the Rosemere Special, leaving the Forty-second Street station at 5.10.

"Hello—hello!" cried Mr. Ferrell in pardonable haste.

"Hello," a faint murmur rippled back. "Is that you, John? This is Milly speaking—yes, your sister Milly. John, the Browns are in an awful fix. Hello! Can you hear? Yes, our next door neighbors the Browns, Mrs. Brown expected to bring New York to shop and meet her who is coming back to her. They were to meet at the station, but the baby swallowed—I mean, tried to swallow, a brother book—what is that? You will miss your train? Oh, you mustn't, I'll hurry. The baby—yes, at the Forty-second Street station. She has never hit New York to her fore. You mustn't miss her—what? Yes, yes, you are to meet her and explain. How will you know her? Oh, good gracious, I haven't the slightest idea. Mrs. Brown was so upset about the baby. Her name? Why, it's Ca-ca, to her brother."

Mr. Ferrell pressed his hand wild-

ly to his forehead. "What?" he he shouted. "I didn't catch the name."

"Ca-ca-brother," answered Mrs. Lancing from Rosemere.

"Lane's crossed. Wait a minute, New York," said the operator.

Mr. Ferrell glanced at the clock. It was upon the stroke of five. He hung up the receiver, snatched his suitcase and dashed out of the office, whisking from Thirty-ninth Street into Fifth Avenue, and tacked up that stately thoroughfare desperately, regardless of the indignant protests which greeted him on all sides as he came into violent contact with the pedestrians who, at this festive hour of five, were taking their daily promenade.

As Mr. Ferrell entered the station, he was greeted by the megaphone gentleman announcing in stentorian tones that the Rosemere Special would leave in seven minutes. Mr. Ferrell glanced helplessly around the green and white granular of the place, never as at that moment so conscious of its vastness. Somewhere, somehow, in that rushing, shouting multitude, he was to find Mrs. Brown's friend. "Where, Oh where, is the friend of the friend of my sister?" chanted the young man as he worked his way through the crowd toward the gateway leading to the Rosemere Special. An inconsiderate baby yelled blatantly in Mr. Ferrell's ears, but it did not prove to be the voice of the coach.

A big, masterful-looking man with blue eyes and a brown curly beard was roaring above the baby's anthem at a young woman who stood at Mr. Ferrell's right.

"Well, Miss Campbell, my time's up. Train leaves in three minutes. Sorry to leave you alone."

The young woman held out a gray-gloved hand. "Good-by, Mr. Roberts. Yes, do go. You mustn't lose your train. Don't worry about me, I am sure Mrs. Brown will come in time."

Mr. Ferrell wheeled spasmodically toward the young person, fastened his eyes upon her and kept them there. The man with the blue eyes and brown curly beard had disappeared. Mr. Ferrell pressed forward and bared his head.

"I beg pardon. Are you waiting for Mrs. Brown of Rosemere?" asked he in his best tone.

The young woman, who was gowned in a dove-tinted tailor suit and wore a fetching little straw toque to match, raised dove-colored eyes to Mr. Ferrell. Their glance was cool and non-committal. It occurred to Mr. Ferrell that she resented his question.

"I have a message from Mrs. Brown," he explained hurriedly. "She, that is, my sister, Mrs. Lancing, who is Mrs. Brown's next door neighbor, telephoned me from Rosemere just before I left my office, to say that Mrs. Brown was unable to come to New York. She asked me to meet you and see that you reached Rosemere safely."

Miss Muriel Campbell's eyes did not change their expression; neither did they leave Mr. Ferrell's face. They were plainly saying: "Are you telling the truth? I have heard about innocent young women being abducted by wicked men in the heart of a great city, and before the gaze of multitudes." Yes, that is what the dove-colored eyes were saying to Mr. Ferrell.

Mr. Ferrell, reading their message, blushed the blush of affronted honesty. "My name is John Ferrell, and I am going out to Rosemere to visit my sister Mrs. Boyd Lancing. I am afraid I cannot offer you any credentials other than my word until we reach Rosemere."

The gray eyes smiled faintly. It looks were to be depended upon, they decided. Mr. John Ferrell was honest. Everything about his appearance and bearing indicated the gentleman. And Mrs. Brown had not come.

"All aboard for Rosemere Special. Have your tickets ready," came the summons from Track Four.

There was a startled movement at Mr. Ferrell's side.

"Oh—my bag—Mr. Roberts has it," gasped Miss Campbell.

Mr. Ferrell was cruel enough to smile, an indiscretion which he speedily hid behind his hand. "That will be all right," he reassured her. "I can telegraph him at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street station."

It was not all right, however, from Miss Campbell's viewpoint. Distress was plainly written in her eyes and voice as she made the tragic admission:

"But I haven't a cent! My pocket-book is in the bag."

"But my pocket-book isn't," said Mr. Ferrell cheerfully. "Just keep by me. We haven't a moment to lose."

From Forty-second Street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Miss Campbell studied the passing landscape. Mr. John Ferrell studied Miss Campbell.

"It is a most unfortunate affair," Miss Campbell announced, suddenly turning her gaze upon the young man.

Mr. Ferrell hastily shifted his gaze upon the first object which presented itself within his range. "It might have been worse—for me," he re-

turned kindly. "Over there, for instance."

"I don't understand," said Miss Campbell, crisply. "It was not the answer she had expected—if, indeed, it can be said that she expected any."

"Third seat across the aisle," directed the young man, "green feathers. It might have been she—she might have been you—you might have been she," he continued lucidly.

Miss Campbell beamed comprehensively. "It is what I should call an Irish idyl," she murmured. "Generations of hod-carriers are stamped upon that ample brow—and jaw."

"Especially the jaw," Mr. Ferrell added. "It is truly Celtic." Emboldened by this little exchange of humor, Mr. Ferrell ventured to say, "Aren't you glad for my sake that you aren't she?"

Miss Campbell opened her magazine. "Don't you want to smoke, Mr. Ferrell?" she asked gently.

"No," answered Mr. Ferrell promptly, "unless you want to read. Don't let me keep you from it," he urged politely.

Miss Campbell turned to the first article. It was on Municipal Government. "If you don't mind, I will," she said, and bent her eyes upon the page. "If he isn't telling the truth, I shall find it out when we reach Rosemere," she thought. "Rhoda or Dick will surely meet me at the station. He wouldn't dare carry it farther. What could have kept Rhoda away?" She glanced at her companion. His eyes were fastened in a mesmeric gaze upon the green feathers.

"Did you find out what prevented Mrs. Brown from meeting me?" asked Miss Campbell.

Mr. Ferrell's countenance cleared. "Why the baby swallowed the button-hook," he said brightly.

"What?" cried Miss Campbell. "That is, he—she—it tried to swallow the button-hook. I don't

think it got all the way down," he reassured her. "The lines got crossed. It was awfully hard to understand what Milly said."

"Well, I hope it didn't go all the way down," said Miss Campbell. "Rhoda's baby is too old to swallow button-hooks. He must be four years."

Mr. Ferrell gazed absently out of the window. Babies were a subject of which he had little knowledge. He was the second and last child, and Milly had always played the role of "little mother" rather than of sister.

"Green feathers is going to sleep," announced Mr. Ferrell a moment later. "I am convinced that she is the sort of person who snores."

From the third seat across the aisle came an unmistakable sound. The feathers swayed wildly, then lurched forward.

"You are right: she is," said Miss Campbell. "When do we reach Rosemere?"

"In about ten minutes, I am afraid," said the young man.

"Rosemere!" All off for South Rosemere!" shouted the conductor. "We go to North Rosemere," explained Mr. Ferrell. "There are four Rosemeres, you know, like the Oranges."

"Then I should have been in a fix if I hadn't met you," Miss Campbell was gracious enough to acknowledge. "Mrs. Brown has invited some people to dinner to-night, I believe. There is to be a dance at the club later." Miss Campbell closed her remark with a conscious little cough. Mr. Ferrell's eyes were patiently asking a question. She hoped it would not get beyond the eyes. But it did.

"Then—I may have some dances," asked Mr. Ferrell audibly.

"Oh—poor Green Feathers!" cried Miss Campbell in distress. "She almost toppled off just then. Don't you want to waken her? Think

what a fall it would be if she did go down."

"But she isn't going to," said Mr. Ferrell calmly. "I—I think you were unduly exercised," he added primly. Did the child think him a fool?—wondered Mr. John Ferrell. All the king's horses could not have drawn his request for a dance from him again. He was a sensitive fellow, was Mr. Ferrell.

"Rosemere! All off for North Rosemere!" came the summons.

"Green Feathers is taking notice," observed Miss Campbell, as they passed down the aisle. "Do you think Rosemere is her destination?"

Mr. Ferrell glanced backward. "There is every indication that it is. Shall we hurry and avoid the brogue?"

A pretty little woman gowned in a fresh muslin frock was advancing down the Rosemere station platform. Two children trotted beside her. Mr. Ferrell raised his hat and waved it.

"There is Mrs. Brown," he cried. The muslin-frocked woman and the children waved and smiled their greeting. A moment later they were together.

"Well, did you find her, Mr. Ferrell?" Mrs. Brown's face wore an anxious look. "Oh, I hope you did," she gasped. "The poor dear soul could never get here alone."

"Did I find her?" chuckled Mr. Ferrell. "It was the easiest thing I ever had to do. Here she is, prepared, right side up, handled with care," the young man babbled on. "Miss Campbell"—he turned with a smile to his traveling companion. The smile died a young and instantaneous death. His glance traveled sadly back to Mrs. Brown. A cold ripple shot down Mr. Ferrell's spine. Both ladies were staring at each other in dazed and stony silence.

"I never saw this—this young lady in my life, Mr. Ferrell," Mrs. Brown's tone was icy. Her smile had vanished. Her eyes were tak-

ing disapproving inventory of the perfect gown, the cool, self-possessed bearing of the younger woman. It was an appearance that would mislead the most circumspect young man. It had mislead poor, young Mr. Ferrell. But it had not misled Mrs. Brown. No indeed.

Mr. Ferrell gasped. Never saw Miss Campbell? He refused to accept the rejection. It left a conjecture too impossible to contemplate. The knight-errant raised fearful eyes to his lady. That the only explanation of this inexplicable situation devolved upon her he was most unhappily conscious. He saw, with a half fearful relief, that she was about to give it.

"Why—I never saw this—the lady in my life," cried Miss Campbell, flashing belligerent glances at Mr. Ferrell. His own glance fell beneath the scorn in hers. He could not face the accusation which it held. "Mr. Ferrell, where is Mrs. Brown?"

"Here," signed Mr. Ferrell. "The only Mrs. Brown I know. Of course, there has been a mistake somewhere, somehow," he went on wearily. "I assure you, Miss Campbell—"

"Miss Campbell?" echoed Mrs. Brown. "Why, Milly told you Brewster—Camelia Brewster. Didn't you hear her?"

Mr. Ferrell smiled. It was not a happy smile. It was a weak, simpering movement of lips too weak to keep together. Fare Miss Muriel Campbell he could not. He turned feverishly to Mrs. Brown.

"The lines were crossed. I had an awful time hearing Milly. There was something about the baby swallowing a button-hook. It prevented you from going into the city. (Mrs. Brown nodded.) You were to meet some one at the Forty-second Street station—am I right so far? (Another nod. Hope rayed the gloom in Mr. Ferrell's soul. He should, at

least, he exonerated from the base suspicion which lurked in Miss Mariel Campbell's breast.) Milly did try to give me the — the person's name. But the lines got crossed and I couldn't hear a word." Mr. Ferrell's forehead was damp. He absently mopped it with his sleeve and picked an imaginary thread from the lapel of his coat.

"Of course, there has been an unfortunate mistake. It seems to have been a misunderstanding on all sides." Miss Campbell's voice was cool and crisp. She was for the first time addressing Mrs. Brown. "I went to the station expecting to meet my friend, Mrs. Richard Brown—"

"Mrs. Richard Brown?" shrielled the other lady. "Mrs. Richard Brown?" she repeated in italics. The iciness in her voice melted into laughter. "Why, Richard Brown is my husband's brother. They live in West Rosemere."

Miss Campbell looked from Mrs. Brown to Mr. Ferrell with dazed eyes. "Then, where am I?" she demanded.

"You are in North Rosemere," said Mr. Ferrell gently.

"Then where is Camelia Brewster?" demanded Mrs. Brown. Mr. Ferrell did not know. Fortunately, he did not have to answer.

"Here is Camelia, Mrs. Brown dearie," cried a cheery voice from the crowd.

Then an unexpected thing happened. Miss Campbell gave a stifled shriek and stared at the approacher through streaming tears of laughter. Mr. Ferrell's broad shoulders collapsed suddenly. His body began to sway with an emotion which proved to be an acute attack of smothered mirth.

"Green Feathers, Green Feathers," gasped the young man, and was immediately seized with another attack.

True enough — Green Feathers! Her fat old face beaming with complacent joy, the green feathers waving jubilantly above an upholstered pompadour of wondrous design and hue, Camelia the Celt was sailing breezily down the platform, full rigged, with pennants flying.

"'Tis in the smokin' cart yez must have rid, Missis Brown," was her greeting. "I come to the station airly and I sez to the gentleman at the gate, sez I, 'Whin Mrs. Brown comes for Camelia Brewster, till her I have wint into th' cart. You mind her?' sez I. 'Yes,' sez he. 'I know her well.' Whin th' engine het up, dearie, and begin to rip an' snort an' jerk (it minded me of me sister Ellie's boy Tim as had the St. Vitual's Dance, Mrs. Brown), I was crazy for sure. And was it in the smokin' cart yez rid, Mrs. Brown, dearie?"

"Mrs. Brown dearie" gently placed the children's hands in Camelia's. She was struggling valiantly against her desire to join in the song of mirth which still gurgled in the throats of Miss Mariel Campbell and Mr. John Ferrell.

"Take the children and wait for me in the trap, Camelia," she said, quelling the eloquent flow of Camelia's brouge with the tone and look which the old servant of twelve years' faithful service had learned to know — and obey. But Camelia's glance was roving toward the mirthful ones. Recognition gleamed in her eyes and drew a smiling gap across the ample jaw.

"Aw—aw—" she coquetted. "I seen yez in th' cart." Jubilant laughter bubbled through the gap Camelia loomed forward confidentially. "But the cart is a gr-r-and place for sweetheartin'!" she whispered.

Miss Campbell's mirth subsided into shocked silence. She drew herself up stiffly and gazed after the departing train.

Mr. Ferrell's mirth subsided into

an hysterical giggle. He, too, sought refuge in the Rosemere Special.

"The trap, Camelia," Mrs. Brown pointed toward the road. Camelia obeyed. There was no mistaking that tone. Her mistress turned to the others. "I think that the situation has explained itself," she laughed. "Perhaps, Miss Campbell, you would like to telephone over to Rhoda. There is a trol—"

"I shall take Miss Campbell over in Boyd's auto," broke in Mr. Ferrell hurriedly.

"Is there no other way? Are there no trains?" asked Miss Campbell.

"There is a trol—" joined Mrs. Brown.

"There is no other convenient way. There are no more trains tonight," interrupted Mr. Ferrell emphatically. "I can get you over in thirty minutes, Miss Campbell. If you will wait here, I will run up and get the machine. We—we can arrange about those dances going over," he added boldly.

Miss Campbell inspected the landscape directly behind Mr. Ferrell. It was unresponsive, very, and uncompelling, whereas Mr. Ferrell's eyes—

"Yes—we can arrange that going over," she murmured, meeting the eyes, conscious for the first time that they were dark and long and had very bright lights in them — altogether attractive eyes and good to look into.

Two weeks later, the "Flyer," Mr. Boyd Lansing's touring car, swung leisurely down the Rosemere highway and into a world of gold. In the front seats were Mr. John Ferrell and Miss Mariel Campbell. The back seats were heaped with rugs and lunch baskets and a quantity of

magazines. It may be remarked here that while the rugs and lunch baskets were appreciated to the full, the magazines returned from that afternoon's trip with their pages uncut, their covers unmarred.

"This is the fourteenth ride I have taken in the 'Flyer,'" observed Miss Campbell. To whom, I wonder, does the 'Flyer' belong?"

"I guess Mr. Boyd Lansing is beginning to think it belongs to John Ferrell," grinned the young man. He slackened the machine from second to first speed. "I am thinking of buying a Comstock," continued Mr. Ferrell settling back and looking at his companion. "What do you think of it?"

Miss Campbell studied the sunlight effects upon an approaching haystack. "Two weeks ago you said that automobiles were the pest of modern civilization," she remarked. "Why have you changed your mind?"

"Do you really want to know?" asked Mr. Ferrell slowly. The world had turned from gold to green. The "Flyer," nosing her way through a woodland road, came to a standstill. Mr. Ferrell leaned toward his companion. There were danger signals in his eyes. But Miss Mariel Campbell came of fighting stock. Retreat was not for her.

"Yes, I really want to know," she answered bravely.

"In the words of Camelia," the young man's voice trembled between laughter and tenderness. "I have learned that 'the cart is a gr-r-and place for sweetheartin'." Do you agree with me—Mariel?"

Miss Campbell looked into Ferrell's eyes. "Yes," she answered suddenly.





MISS THELMA ALLEN

THREE YEARS AGO SHE WAS IN TORONTO

Canada and the Drama

By SHIRLEY BURN
From The Green Book

BECAUSE it has not a national drama of its own, Canada is dependent for the greater part of its theatrical entertainment upon the

bookings that are made in the offices of the New York theatrical managers. Of course, the United States is no blame for this condition of affairs,

it is hardly our fault, and we had believed we had been doing the best we could in sending over our amusements. But it seems our estimate is wrong all round, and we have been making innumerable errors in the matter of attempting to supply entertainment for the Canadians. Our eagle, it seems, believes very hoily over there, and screams so loudly that the patrons have to wear ear-muffs at the theatre to prevent the drums and inner workings from being shattered to splinterines.

This has called down upon us a scathing criticism from a writer in the Toronto Globe. It isn't a bit complimentary, but it is just as well for us occasionally to hear the unvarnished truth, and besides, this is amusing.

Here is what our candid friend has to say:

In a new country, extending over an area of 1,000 miles, between two oceans, and with the cities, though expanding, still comparatively small and widely scattered Canada can only await the future for the materialization of a national drama.

The fault does not lie in the Canadian people. The trouble is of present geographic. The people of this country have already produced such stars of the footlights as John Arthur, Margaret Anglin, Roselle Knott, May and Flo. Evelyn James, K. Hackett, Henry Miller and many others scarcely less notable.

In the meantime, the Canadian people have to gain down whatever New York offers, whether it is distasteful or otherwise. A popular Toronto theatre last week presented a play which had interested United States audiences, and had won kindly expressions from the press of that country.

So a Canadian audience, however, the objection to the play was that it typified the national characteristics of a people in whom Canadians have no more than a casual interest. A Canadian who follows the lines of a play in which the people of another country, with characteristic bombast, ascribe to themselves the attributes of the gods is apt to become restless and cynical.

Canadians, because of geographical considerations, have had all along to learn the lesson of this objectionable characteristic which knows no self-effacement, modesty, or thought

in others. The Canadian audience sits in silence thru lines such as indicated, where a United States audience would applaud in the nature of self-glorification.

The Canadian theatre patron knows the American people well. He knows their many admirable characteristics and what they have accomplished as a people. The Canadian theatre patron knows also the weaknesses of the American character, and when he is typified as a tin god, the sentiment is not appreciated.

It is not to be believed that the Canadian drama—when it arrives—will be free from those characteristics which are the pride of race, but not now the virtues of the United States are, unfortunately, our theatrical inadequacies, and from time to time, Canadians will have rammed into their systems a great deal of American sentiment that they cannot resist. As a spectator, the Canadian has sided with the American people and knows them better than they know themselves. They do not estimate the American people at the value they place upon themselves, nor do they underestimate them. They know that on this earth there are other great peoples who have accomplished more along certain lines in science, art, literature, music and the drama and had less to say about it.

The lesson is this: Canadian theatre patrons do not want to see a United States national parade in this country more than once in a long time, and then the silent culture had better follow right after the parade march, to make it as short as possible. This is Canada, and the people who live here are Canadians, whether some people like it or not. Once in a while a United States manager has the good taste to remember that he is entertaining a Canadian audience; that a Canadian's interest in the United States is casual and in Canada supreme, and his modification of certain lines and dog incidents is appreciated more than he can know.

There is a good deal of satisfaction, sometimes, in telling a conceited officious person just what he thinks of him, and it is hoped that our apologetic friend, having relieved himself, feels better. Of course, our pride is a bit hurt to learn that so little brotherly love is jumping over the border from the Canadian side, but it is just as



MISS MABEL DRANSFIELD
WHO HAS BEEN IN THE TOWN OF LONDON

well to look truth in the face once in a while. It makes us reflect on things as they are, and not as Bilikien would have them. And when we stop to think of it, possibly we have been inconsiderate of Canada's feelings in so persistently shaking our little red (white and blue) flag in the face of John Bull's distant relatives.

In that event we are sorry, and by way of an humble effort at expiation, we take pleasure in laying stress upon the great credit that belongs to Canada for the splendid contribution of histrionic talent that she has given to the modern drama. It is not without a pang of jealousy that we admit Canada's claims upon those who, in the conceit of our affections, we had appropriated as our own. There is May Irwin, for instance, the arch comedienne, whose humor is so distinctly American that it would never occur to the average theatre-goer in the United States that she could belong to any country than ours. Yet May Irwin was born in Canada. She and her sister, Flo, first saw the light in the town of Whitby, Ontario, and they grew on Canadian soil until May was thirteen. So that by no pos-

sible juggling of the facts can we claim May Irwin, except by adoption; and that wonderful sense of humor of which we have been almost nationally proud, is not ours at all, but Canada's. Miss Irwin was the daughter of Robert E. and Jane Draper Campbell, and the name by which the actress is known was assumed for stage purposes.

During her recent visit to the stage of Australia, Miss Margaret Anglin has been hailed as an American actress. Of course, Canada is in North America, but with our customary conceit, we have been in the habit of appropriating the whole continent, so that unless the Canadian portion of it is especially stipulated, we refer that an American is a citizen of the United States. However, in the case of Miss Anglin, this inference is pressing, for as a matter of fact, the actress is a Canadian. She was born in Ottawa, and at the time of her debut to the world, her father was Speaker of the House of Commons. In fact, her birth took place in the Speaker's Chamber of the House of Parliament. So that to Canada, and not to the United States, belongs the honor of producing this talented player.

Miss Julia Arthur, whom we were accustomed to think of in the pride of possession was after all, not ours at all, but Canada's. Miss Arthur was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and inherited her dramatic talent from her Canadian mother, who was a gifted and accomplished Shakespearean reader. Her father's name, by the way, was Thomas J. Lewis, and she was christened Ida. As a child of eleven years, she made her first appearance in the role of a player at an amateur performance at her own home, at which time she took the part of Zamora in "The Honeymoon." Miss Arthur has long made the United States her home, however, and in private life is Mrs Benjamin P. Cheney, Jr.

Would you believe it, too, that our own Rose Stahl is not ours, either?



ROSE STAHL

IN HER ROLE OF PATRICIA O'BRIEN IN HER "COUNTRY LADS" HERE
HAS BEEN AND BEEN IN MONTREAL.



MISS MARGARET ASOLIN
WHOSE NATAL CITY WAS OTTAWA

It's a wrench, but it's a fact. To those of us who didn't happen to know it all along, as, of course, our Canadian friends have done, it is something of a shock to realize that the impersonator of Patricia O'Brien could be anything but a daughter of the United States part of America. Rose Stahl has identified herself with the character of the "Chorus Lady" to such an astonishingly close impersonation, and the character of Patricia O'Brien is so distinctly a product of American soil, it is difficult to realize that,

after all, she is not ours. Miss Stahl was born and educated in Montreal, Canada.

Miss Eva Tangana, too, belongs to Canada, and the sprightly humor of this clever actress did not spring from an American ancestor. Her parents were French-Canadians, and she was born in Marbleton, though she was educated in Holyoke, Mass., and there made her first appearance as an entertainer, when she was ten years old.

Mr. McKee Rankin, who has for so many years been identified with the



JAMES K. HAINSETT
WHO WAS BORN IN WOLFE LAKE, ONTARIO

stage of the United States, as actor, manager, and producer, is a native of Canada, and was born in Sandwich. The work of this delightful artist has become so familiar to American theatre-goers, that we have long felt that he belonged to us. However, we are just now giving Canada the credit which is hers, and in so doing we must include the honor of having given McKee Rankin to the world of the theatre.

Mr. William Courtleigh, Sr., who has so long been known as a prominent American actor, is nevertheless a

Canadian by birth. Guelph, Ontario, was the first residence of this noted player, though he received the greater part of his education in St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. Later he studied law at the Washington University, and during this time became prominent in amateur theatricals. He soon came under the notice of a professional manager with the result that he was induced to adopt the stage as a career. His professional life has been spent in America, but Canada was originally responsible for him, just the same.

Miss Marie Dressler, one of the

cleverest entertainers of whom we have long been proud, has of late been severely criticized for attempting to make the people of London laugh at what was termed an American brand of humor. Miss Dressler, after convulsing audiences in this country, made a complete failure in London, and since her return has many times been told that she should have known better than attempt to entertain the Britishers with her particular kind of jokes.

After all, why shouldn't Miss Dressler feel that the English people could see a humorous situation as it appeared to her? She is not an American, but a Canadian, and was born in Cobourg.

Miss Hope Booth, whom Americans have been in the presumptuous habit of claiming, is a Canadian and was born in Toronto. She is the daughter of Dr. W. Beresford Hope, M.P., and was educated in Montreal. She made her first stage appearance at the Royal Theatre, London. This charming actress is, however, the wife of an American, Mr. Remond Wolf, a well known newspaperman and authority on people and things theatrical, and a regular contributor to the pages of The Green Book Album, under the caption, "Chronicles of Broadway."

Miss Roselle Knott, another actress well known to the American stage, was not only born in Canada but married a Canadian as well. Hamilton, Ontario, the same city that gave us Julia Arthur, is also responsible for Miss Knott, who, by the way, was christened "Agnes Roselle." At the age of nineteen she married Mr. Thomas Knott, and her stage name, Roselle Knott, was then assumed. The histrionic ambitions of this player were inspired by seeing the late Madame Modjeska as Rosalind in "As You Like It," and one day it happened that a company which was playing in Hamilton became suddenly in need of assistance because of the illness of one of its members. Miss Roselle was asked to take the part,

and she assumed it with so much success that her professional future was assured.

Miss Catherine Proctor is one of the most talented players Canada has produced, and her preparation for the stage was gained largely in her own country. She was born in Ottawa and educated in Toronto. Her first public appearance was made when she was only about nine years old, and during her school career she made an especial study of elocution in which, from the beginning, she showed great talent. Though she has spent much time playing in the United States where she has been most successful Miss Proctor is still loyal to Canada and gives Toronto as her address.

Mr. Fraser Coulter, who has long been associated with the best we have in the drama, is a product of Canada, and was born in Smiths Falls, near Kingston. He is an accomplished actor who has supported many of the most noted players of our time, and we are very much obliged to Canada for producing him.

Mr. Arthur Deagon is a Canadian actor who deserves the greatest credit for what he has accomplished in the player's profession, for there is no one around to boast and educate him—he gained what he knows, himself. He was born in Seaford, Canada, wherever that is. Anyway, when he was twelve years old, he was working in an iron mine in Wisconsin, and four years later made his appearance in a Dime Museum in Chicago where he sang baritone solos not only in one performance, but in ten consecutive shows a day. However, with such lusty perseverance, success was bound to come, and Mr. Deagon has reflected much credit on his native country.

Mr. William Hutchinson Clarke, who has long been prominently associated with the famous opera companies of the country, is a Canadian by birth. He, too, hails from Hamilton, Ontario, and his education was gained at the Galt Collegiate Institute, and at Victoria College. To have been born



MADAME ALZANI

BORN NEAR MONTREAL AND EDUCATED AT THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART



MISS CHRISTINE McDONALD
IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "THE DOOR OF HELL" MISS McDONALD
WAS BORN IN PETER, N.B.

in Hamilton, for the histrionically inclined, seems to have spelled success.

Aptropus of singers, Madame Albani, the famous grand opera prima donna, was born in Canada, near Montreal. Her father was Joseph Ferroness, a musician, and she was educated at the Conservatory of Sacred Music, Montreal, before going abroad for study. Albani now calls London her home, and her full name is Mrs. Marie Louise Prima Cecile Gye—which, to say the least, must be a handicap at times.

Mr. Eugene Coules, so long asso-

ciated with the Bostonians, was born in Stanstead, Quebec, Canada. He was the son of a physician, and as a youth went to Chicago to engage in a business career. His magnificent voice, however, soon gained him a choir position, and ultimately led him to the professional stage where he belonged. We are perfectly willing to acknowledge the debt we owe Canada for the pleasure he has given us.

Mr. J. H. Gilmour, who made his first appearance on the stage as long ago as 1877, and who has played prominently with such stars as Julia

Marlowe, Maude Adams, Rose Coglian, and others, was born in Montreal, Canada. Mr. Gilmour once showed his loyalty to the city of his birth by taking a company there for a summer season.

Mr. Eugene Redling, who made his first great success during the long run of "Foxy Grandpa" in New York, is a Canadian for whom Montreal is responsible. He was educated at the Jesuit College and at McGill University and started out to be a chemist.

The well known actor, Mr. Charles J. Ross, is another in the list of considerable length who hailed from Montreal. Mr. Ross has been connected with many prominent theatrical companies, and he is highly thought of in the profession. His real name, by the way is, Charles J. Kelly.

We are in the habit of regarding Mr. William Winter, the famous dramatic critic of New York, so entirely ours, that it takes quite a pull on our pride to realize that his son, Percy Winter, the actor and manager, belongs by birth to Canada. The greater part of his professional life has been spent in this country, but he was nevertheless born in Toronto.

Canada, too, claims Henry Miller, and though we in some way feel that he belongs to us, the feeling is really selfish and unwarranted. Mr. Miller was born in London, England, but he was brought up and educated in Toronto, Canada, hence the claim of our neighbors over the border. We will not quarrel over Mr. Miller—we are glad to have him, if only by adoption.

Mr. James K. Hackett is another distinguished actor whom we are accustomed to regard as typically American, and yet Canada says she belongs to him, and there is no use in trying to rob her of her own, even if we would, for Mr. Hackett was born on Wolfe Island, Ontario, which is Canadian ground. In fact, the list of Canadian actors whom we often think of as the product of the United States is astonishingly long. The players that have been named constitute a brilliant assemblage. Canada can cheer up. If she hasn't a national drama, she can at least congratulate herself on the splendid contribution of talent that she has given to the drama of another country.

WHAT people remember is what they are interested in. If, therefore, you are interested in much, you will remember much. Widen the range of your interests. It may be asked, How am I to become interested in new subjects? To this the answer is, Learn something about them. The more you know, the more interested you will be in adding to your knowledge.—*Claudius Clegg.*

Nova Scotia's Famous Astronomer

By ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

From Review of Reviews

AMONG those in all parts of the world whose good opinion is worth having, Simon Newcomb was one of the best known of America's great men. Astronomer, mathematician, economist, novelist, he had well-nigh boxed the compass of human knowledge, attaining eminence such as is given to few to reach, at more than one of its points. His fame was of the far-reaching kind,—penetrating to remote regions, while that of some others has only created a noisy disturbance within a narrow radius.

Best and most widely known as an astronomer, his achievements in that science were not suited for sensational exploitation. He discovered no apple-orchards on the moon, neither did he dispute regarding the railways on the planet Venus. His aim was to make more exact our knowledge of the motions of the bodies constituting what we call the solar system, and his labors toward this end, began more than thirty years ago, he continued almost until the day of his death. Conscious that his span of life was measured by months and in the grip of what he knew to be a fatal disease, he yet exerted his self with all his remaining energy to complete his monumental work on the motion of the moon, and succeeded in bringing it to an end before the final summons came. His last days thus had in them a cast of the heroic, not less than if, as the commander of a torpedored battleship, he had gone down with her, or than if he had fallen charg-

ing at the head of a foreign hope. It is pleasant to think that such a man was laid to rest with military honors. The accident that he was a retired professor in the United States Navy may have been the immediate cause of this, but its appropriateness lies deeper.

Newcomb saw the light not under the Stars and Stripes, but in Nova Scotia, where he was born, at the Town of Wallace on March 12, 1835. His father, a teacher, was of American descent, his ancestors having settled in Canada in 1764. After studying with his father and teaching for some little time in his native province he came to the United States while yet a boy of eighteen, and while teaching in Maryland in 1854-'56 was so fortunate as to attract, by his mathematical ability, the attention of two eminent American scientific men, Joseph Henry and Julius Hilgard, who secured him an appointment as computer on the Nautical Almanac. The date of this was 1857, and Newcomb had thus, at his death, been in Government employ for fifty-two years. As the work at the almanac was then carried on in Cambridge, Mass., he was enabled to enter the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, where he graduated in 1858 and where he pursued graduate studies for three years longer. On their completion in 1861 he was appointed a professor of mathematics in the United States navy, which office he held till his death. This appointment, made when he was twen-

ty-six years old,—scarcely more than a boy,—is a striking testimony to his remarkable ability as a mathematician, for of practical astronomy he still knew little.

One of his first duties at Washington was to supervise the construction of the great 26-inch equatorial just authorized by Congress and to plan for mounting and housing it. In 1877 he became senior professor of mathematics in the navy, and from that time until his retirement as a Rear Admiral in 1897 he had charge of the Nautical Almanac office, with its large corps of naval and civilian assistants, in Washington and elsewhere. In 1884 he also assumed the chair of mathematics and astronomy in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and he had much to do, in an advisory capacity, with the equipment of the Lick Observatory and with testing and mounting its great telescope, at that time the largest in the world.

To enumerate his degrees, scientific honors and medals would tire the reader. Among them were the degree of LL.D. from all the foremost universities, the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London in 1874, the great gold Huygen's medal of the University of Leyden, awarded only once in twenty years, in 1878, and the Schumbert gold medal of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg. The collection of portraits of famous astronomers at the Observatory of Pulkowa contains his picture, painted

by order of the Russian Government in 1887. He was, of course, a member of many scientific societies, at home and abroad, and was elected in 1899 to our own National Academy of Sciences, becoming its vice-president in 1883. In 1893 he was chosen one of the eight foreign associates of the Institute of France,—the first native American since Benjamin Franklin to be so chosen. Newcomb's most famous work as an astronomer,—that which gained him world-wide fame among his brother astronomers,—was,

as has been said, too mathematical and technical to appeal to the general public among his countrymen, who have had to take his greatness, in this regard, on trust. They have known him at first hand chiefly as author or editor of popular works such as his "Popular Astronomy" (1877); of his text-books on astronomy, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus; of his books on

political economy, which science he was accustomed to call his "recreation"; and of magazine articles on all sorts of subjects, not omitting "psychical research," which was one of the numerous by-paths into which he strayed. He held at one time the presidency of the American Society for Psychical Research.

The technical nature of his work in mathematical astronomy,—his "profession," as he called it, in distinction to his "recreations" and minor scientific amusements,—may be seen from the titles of one or two of his papers:



THE LATE SIMON NEWCOMB

"On the Secular Variations and Mutual Relations of the Orbits of the Asteroids" (1860); "Investigation of the Orbit of Neptune, with General Tables of Its Motion" (1877); "Researches on the Motion of the Moon" (1879); and so on. All this work Professor Newcomb himself says, in his "Reminiscences of an Astronomer" (Boston, 1903), that it all tended toward one result,—the solution of what he calls "the great problem of exact astronomy," the theoretical explanation of the observed motions of the heavenly bodies.

If the universe consisted of but two bodies,—say, the sun and a planet,—the motion would be simplicity itself; the planet would describe an exact ellipse about the sun, and this orbit would never change in form, size or position. With the addition of only one more body, the problem at once becomes so much more difficult as to be practically insoluble; indeed, the "problem of the three bodies" has been attacked by astronomers for years without the discovery of any general formula to express the resulting motions. For the actually existing system of many planets with their satellites and countless asteroids, only an approximation is possible. The actual motions as observed and measured from year to year are most complex. Can these be completely accounted for in the mutual attractions of the bodies, according to the law of gravitation as enunciated by Sir Isaac Newton? In Newcomb's words, "Does any world move otherwise than as it is attracted by other worlds?" Of course, Newcomb has not been the only astronomer at work on this problem, but it has been his life-work, and his contributions to its solution have been very noteworthy.

It is difficult to make the ordinary reader understand the obstacles in the way of such a determination as this. Its two elements are, of course, the mapping out of the lines in which the bodies concerned actually do move and the calculations of the orbits in which they ought to move, if the ac-

cepted laws of planetary motion are true. The first involves the study of thousands of observations made during long years by different men in far distant lands; the discussion of their probable errors, and their reduction to a common standard. The latter requires the use of the most refined methods of mathematical analysis, it is, as Newcomb says, of a complexity beyond the powers of ordinary conception. In works on celestial mechanics a single formula may fill a whole chapter.

This problem first attracted Newcomb's attention when a young man at Cambridge, when in analysis of the motions of the asteroids he showed that the orbits of these minor planets had not, for several hundred thousand years past, intersected at a single point, and they could not, therefore, have resulted, during that period, from the explosion of a single large body, as had been supposed.

Later, when Newcomb's investigations along this line had extended to the major planets and their satellites, a curious anomaly in the moon's motion made it necessary for him to look for possible observations made long before those hitherto recorded. The accepted tables were based on observations extending back as far as 1750, but Newcomb, in searching the archives of European observatories, succeeded in discovering data taken as early as 1600; not, of course, with such an investigation as this in view, but chiefly out of pure scientific curiosity. The reduction of such observations, especially as the old French astronomers used apparent time, which was frequently in error by a quarter of an hour or so, was a matter of great difficulty. The ancient observer, having no idea of the use that was made of his work, had supplied no facilities for interpreting it, and "much comparison and examination was necessary to find out what sort of an instrument was used, how the observations were made, and how they should be reduced for the required purpose." The result was a vastly

more accurate lunar theory than had formerly obtained.

During the period when Newcomb was working among the old papers of the Paris Observatory, the city, then in possession of the Communists, was beset by the national forces, and his studies were made within hearing of the heavy siege guns, whose flash he could even see by glancing through his window.

Newcomb's appointment as head of the Nautical Almanac office greatly facilitated his work on the various phases of this problem of planetary motions. Their solution was here a legitimate part of the routine work of the office, and he had the aid of able assistants,—such men as G. W. Hill, who worked out a large part of the theory of Jupiter and Saturn, and Cleveland Keith, who died in 1896, just as the final results of his work were being combined. In connection with this work Professor Newcomb strongly advocated the unification of the world's time by the adoption of an international meridian, and also international agreement upon a uniform system of data for all computations relating to the fixed stars. The former still hangs fire, owing to mistaken "patriotism"; the latter was adopted at an international conference held in Paris in 1896, but after it had been carried into effect in our own Nautical Almanac, professional jealousies brought about a modification of the plan that relegated the improved and modernized data to an appendix.

Professor Newcomb's retirement from active service made the continuance of his great work on the adequate scale somewhat problematical, and his data on the moon's motion were laid aside for a time until a grant from the newly organized Carnegie Institution in 1903 enabled him to employ the necessary assistance, and the work has since gone forward to completion.

What is the value of such work, and why should fame be the reward of him who pursues it successfully?

Professor Newcomb himself raises this question in his "Reminiscences," and without attempting to answer it directly he notes that every civilized nation supports an observatory at great annual expense to carry on such research, besides which many others are supported by private or corporate contribution. Evidently the consensus of public opinion must be that the results are worth at least a part of what they cost. The question is included in the broader one of the value of all research in pure science. Speaking generally, the object of this is solely to add to the sum of human knowledge, although not seldom some application to man's physical needs springs unexpectedly from the resulting discoveries, as in the case of the dynamo or that of wireless telegraphy. Possibly a more accurate description of the moon's motion is unlikely to bring forth any such application, but those who applaud the achievements of our experts in mathematical astronomy would be quick to deny that their fame rests on any such possibility.

Passing now to Professor Newcomb's "recreation," as he called it,—political economy, we may note that his contributions to it were really voluminous, consisting of papers, popular articles and several books, including "The A B C of Finance" (1871) and "Principles of Political Economy" (1889). Authorities in the science never really took these as seriously as they deserved, possibly because they regarded Professor Newcomb as scarcely orthodox. Some of his distinctions, however, are of undoubted value and will live; for instance, that between the fund and the flux of wealth, on which he insists in his treatises on finance. As to Professor Newcomb's single excursion into fiction, a romance entitled "His Wisdom the Defender," it is perhaps sufficient to say that, like everything he attempted, it is at least worth notice. It is a sort of cross between Jules Verne and Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race."

Professor Newcomb's mind was

comprehensive in its activity. One might have thought that an intellect occupied to the last in carrying out one of the most stupendous tasks ever attempted by a mathematical astronomer would have had little time or little energy left for other things; but Newcomb took his rest and pleasure in popular articles and interviews. Only a short time before his death he published an essay on acronitics that attracted wide attention, drawing the conclusions that the aeroplane can never be of much use either as a passenger-carrier or in war, but that the dirigible balloon may accomplish something within certain limits, although it will never put the railways and steamships out of business. In particular, he treated with unparaphrasing ridicule the pomie fear of an aerial invasion that so lately seized upon our transatlantic cousins.

Personally, Newcomb was an agreeable companion and a faithful friend. His success was due largely to his tenacity of purpose. The writer's only personal contact with him came through the "Standard Dictionary"—of whose definitions in physical science Newcomb had general oversight. On one occasion he came into the office greatly dissatisfied with the definition that we had framed for the word "magnet,"—a conception almost impossible to define in any logical way. We had simply commemorated the properties of the thing,—a course which in the absence of authoritative knowledge of their causes was the only rational procedure. But Newcomb's mind dominated a logical treatment, and though he must have seen from the outset that this was a forlorn hope, his tenacity of purpose kept him, pencil in hand, writing and erasing alternately for an hour or more. Finally he confessed that he could do no better than the following pair of definitions:—"Magnet, a body capable of exerting magnetic force," and "Magnetic Force, the force exerted by a magnet." With a hearty laugh at this beautiful

circulus in definendo he threw down his pencil, and the imperfect and illogical definition was accepted.

Logical as he was, however, he was in no sense bound by convention. His economics, as has been said, was often unorthodox, and even in his mathematical text-books he occasionally shocked the hide-bound. I well remember an interesting discussion among members of the Yale mathematical faculty just after the appearance of Newcomb's textbook of geometry, in which he was unparaphrasingly condemned by some because he assumed in certain elementary demonstrations that geometrical figures could be removed from the paper, turned over and laid down again,—the so-called "method of superposition," now generally regarded as quite allowable. Of course, a figure can be treated in this way only in imagination, and for this reason, probably, the method was not employed by Euclid. Its use, however, leads always to true results, as anyone may see; and it was quite characteristic of Professor Newcomb that he should have taken it up, not having the fear of the Greek geometers before him.

Such was Newcomb; it will be long before American science sees his equal. Mathematical genius is like an automobile,—it is looked upon in two opposing fashions as one has it or has it not. A noted educator not long ago announced his belief that the possession of a taste for mathematics is an exact index of the general intellectual powers. Not much later, another eminent teacher asserted that mathematical ability is an exact,—that one may, and often does, possess it who is in other respects practically an imbecile. This is scarcely a subject in which a single illustration decides, but surely Newcomb's career modifies the former opinion rather than the latter; the amount and kind of his mental abilities along all lines seemed to run parallel to his mathematical genius, to resemble it in quantity and in kind.



AT WORK ON HIS FAIRM

MR. STRINGER HAS IN THE ADJACENCY WITH ENTHUSIASM

A Farmer Who Produces Books

By

R. M. HADLEY

A FARMER by trade, a writer by vocation. This is what Arthur Stringer styles himself. The noted Canadian poet and novelist travels much, writes a great deal, hibernates for five months of the year in the heart of New York city and summers for at least six at his pretty rustic retreat on the shores of Lake Erie.

Ten years ago Mr. Stringer was unknown beyond the boundaries of his native county of Kent, Ontario. To-day his name in the literary world is dangerously near the top. The causes that have contributed to his swift success as a literateur are many but the salient one is genius—the capacity to master things and to carry them to a logical conclusion. Then he has energy, ambition and a sane conception of life. His outlook is

broad and his varied experiences have added to his general equipment.

His figure is almost as commanding as his genius. Big of frame and supple of movement, he is tall, lithe and erect. His shoulders of generous width, his sunburned complexion, piercing black eyes and curly raven locks would attract attention in any gathering.

In New York he gets the stimulus, the atmosphere and the ideas for his literary work, and at his charming Canadian home beside cool, expansive waters works them out. His methods differ from those of the ordinary man of letters. He does no writing during the day. He begins in the evening about eight o'clock but never labors later than three in the morning. This is from force of habit. He was a newspaper man for years and be-



MRS. ARTHUR STRINGER

FOR THIRTY YEARS IN THE LATE 18TH CENTURY
SHE LIVED IN THIS HOUSE

came a "night owl." His early tendencies cling to him. He has never been able to get away from the habits of youth or boisterous associations. He loves nature, her rivers, lakes, elevations and valleys, and amid such scenes, produces his best and most effective stories.

Mr. Stringer is in his thirty-sixth year. His father, at the time of his birth, was the captain of a lake vessel and, of the great fresh inland sheets of water, he had sung sweetly and frequently. He has always gloried in the land of his birth and is a staunch Canadian. Throughout all his work there is a strong, firm and free tone of sentiment and individuality that is characteristically Canadian. His abode on the shores of Lake Erie is cozy and attractive. Its aspect is pleasing from every view point and its outlook as large as the thought and ideals of its eminent possessor. It is surrounded by sixteen acres of ground and the air is replete with flowers and fruit. Located on a bluff fifty feet in height with a fine bathing beach, from the generous veranda the perspective is entrancing, with all around is color, variety and abundance—every thing to tickle the palate or gratify the eye. In this atmosphere amid

such quaint, rustic environs is an ideal spot to court the muse. Everything breathes of peace, happiness, freedom and inspiration. The poet works many hours in his garden each day and enjoys raising his own fruit, vegetables and flowers. Asked recently by a friend what were his favorite amusements, he answered that his fixed idea of Heaven was eating Rockefeller sandwiches to the sound of harp-music, with a significant smile added, "You must raise the melons yourself to appreciate the right flavor." Here you are afforded some insight of the talented author's love of the soil, its plentiful products and his great admiration for horticulture and floriculture.

Arthur Stringer's father wanted him to go into the ministry, but an interview with the late Rev. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wycliffe College, showed the collegian his deep-rooted unfitness for the cloth—for, just previous to the minister's meeting the future poet had been detected climbing up a water pipe to get in through a window many hours after the college door had been closed and barred. It was really a heart-to-heart talk lasting several hours with Professor Alexander of Toronto University, that decided the fate of the young



A VIEW OF THE AMERICAN HOTEL

HERE ARTHUR STRINGER STAYED A WEEK FOR
TASTING MICHIGAN AND THE GREAT LAKES



ARTHUR STRINGER

POET, NOVELIST AND FARMER

man and turned his steps in the literary pathway. The kindly, patient and considerate professor went through his manuscripts and showed Mr. Stringer where they failed and in what respect. It was one of those manuscripts revised at his suggestion that earned Mr. Stringer into the metropolitan magazines of New York city.

There is no place quite so congenial and attractive to Mr. Stringer as Lake Erie. He has never been able to dissociate himself from the environment of home and the playground of youth has practically become the literary workshop of later years. He was educated in his natal City of Chatham, educated there and also at the London Collegiate Institute, Wycliffe College and Toronto University. Shortly after he began his literary career, although during his student days, he contributed a number of prose studies to the *Varsity* and some of his lyrics appeared in *The Week*. To-day the author of the "Gin-Runner," "The Wire Tappers," "Phantom Wires," "The Silver Poppy," "The Under Groove" and other popular and widely read novels commands the highest price for his stories and is invited by the most exclusive literary publications of America to contribute to their pages. There have flowed from his facile pen stories of child life, dramatic productions and lyrics that have helped to make him almost as celebrated a poet as he is a novelist. His first volume was entitled "Watchers of the Twilight" and his second published a year later was called "Pauline and Other Poems." Both are now out of print. His most widely known edition of verse is "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems"—dramatic and lyric.

After leaving Toronto Mr. Stringer journeyed to the Northwest "to see a year of ranch life and to see if that would not knock the nonsense out of him" as he expressed the object of his mission. Later he came east and went to England to take a course in Oxford University. He penned a series

of delightful descriptive articles on the life and classic associations at this ancient seat of learning and next spent some months on a continental pilgrimage. Shortly after his return to Canada he took a position on the editorial staff of the *Montreal Herald*, and afterwards went to New York where for two busy years he occupied an editorial chair, doing literary work for the American Press Association. Then he cast aside the shackles of office duty and became a free lance.

Mr. Stringer is a tireless traveler and has visited many distant climes and foreign countries. He believes that, while poetry receives recognition nowadays, it is accorded very little financial support. The man who writes serious verse must be satisfied with the sheer pleasure of writing it. He thinks that verse is its own justification, but if it is in a man it has to come out. If nine-tenths of the lyric poets would only turn toward the drama they would find an audience. Mr. Stringer says that, although he hates to say so, he is of the opinion that the age of the lyric is becoming as obsolete as that of the epic, but that the chances and the necessity of the drama are increasing at an un-realized rate. Through the drama the poet can keep in touch with life and mean something to life while lyricism after all belongs to youth and maturity demands more than the lyric. All who have read Mr. Stringer's fascinating and racy stories are aware that he has written considerable in the telegraphic vein, the "Wire-Tappers" being a striking example. It may surprise the readers who find therein the most intimate and thorough acquaintance with gambling, wagers, batteries, currents, coils, sounders, keys and tapping apparatus to learn that Mr. Stringer was never in a pool room in his life, and that he obtained the rich fund of material with which that work abounds from a broken-down gambler who might in might have him stories, dates and description. The author, however, does not think that it pays to specialize on this

way and declares that he will never write another telegraph tale.

Speaking recently of Canadian literature he said "I believe that Canada's national and distinctive note will come from her west. The intellectual boundary of this continent, it seems to me, should run north and south instead of east and west, as the geographical one does. We of the east are held too closely in the arm-crook of the United States to be free of her influences and activities, both as to the press, the periodical and the stage-production. New York is necessarily the Mecca of the news-bureau and syndicate, and of the magazine and of the drama. There manuscripts are marketed and dramas are mounted. There's no use even mentioning poetry, for nobody takes serious poetry seriously nowadays."

Mr. Stringer leads a busy life; his pen, his hand and his brain are never idle. He is fond of children and dear-

ly loves their play, their prattle, their joys and the fancy world in which their imaginations dwell. While his poetry is human, delicate and sympathetic, his stories and studies in child life as in "The Loom of Destiny" are clear, sparkling and refreshing—as beautiful as the sunshine of youth and pure as the thoughts of childhood itself. He has successfully passed the probationary period through which all literary workers must pass, and in breadth, tone, quality and merit is merely on the threshold of a career which, bright and promising as it has been, bids fair to dwarf into insignificance what he has already accomplished. His pleasing personality, healthy optimism, broad Canadianism, generous outlook, sound judgment and marked ability have endeared him and his works to thousands of readers not only in Canada and the United States but also in the Old Land and the continent across the sea.



SHADOW LAWN

THE CHAMBERLAIN SPINNER HOME OF THE SHADOW LAWN AT CHATHAM, ONTARIO

Why I Prefer England

By AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE

From London Mail

THERE is a good deal of agitation among my countrymen because a great many Americans who can afford to live outside the United States are purchasing homes in England or occupying one of the many of your delightful and most comfortable hotels.

I am of opinion that this movement is only in its infancy. England, with its delightful town and country houses, is likely to become the headquarters of the more wealthy of the English-speaking peoples and there is a sort of rough justice in the movement, inasmuch as the United States and Canada have been almost entirely populated, so far as their better elements are concerned, from England, Scotland, and Ireland. One of the real reasons so many of us are escaping from America is the desire to be let alone. In London, and for the matter of that in Paris, though not so much there as in London, people are accustomed to mind their own business. Private gossip and scandal are at a minimum here, not only in houses, but in clubs, and your newspapers do me good.

My day, as a wealthy man in England, is so utterly different from my day in the United States that I will describe, both for the benefit of American friends who may be desirous of joining us in life in this delightful country.

It is the London season. I rise at half-past eight or nine to a quiet meal, at which we help ourselves without the aid of servants—who are not pre-

sent at English breakfasts—to do, as a complement of newspapers that prefer world-politics to what we call "neighborhood news." I walk or ride as I choose, and there is no crowd of curious spectators to watch me as I make my exit. There is, in fact, no curiosity with regard to rich people in England. Only the other day there died in England your Mr. Morrison, one of the richest men in the world, and I had never heard his name, nor had any of those at the clubs in which the matter was being discussed. Mr. Astor and Mr. Morgan, whose smallest doings would be chronicled in the United States, may move as freely as they please here, and their private confidences and goings are not recorded, for the simple reason that no one wants to hear about them.

The absence of class feeling in England is another reason why many of us prefer to live here. The rich and the poor are not divided into two hostile factions. Every man has his place. There is not the rush, envy, and malice of New York society, with its continual struggle of Western and Pittsburgh people to get into that curious circle "The Four Hundred." New York society is not what it was in my early days. When old Mrs. Astor required supreme, society in New York was not at all unlike society in London. There was no ostentation, and any persons of birth, brains or breeding were freely admitted. To-day it is merely a question of money, and such charming

salons as exist in London, where rank, money, and brains occupy about the same position, are now impossible in most American cities, and certainly in New York.

From a man's point of view, the constant dressing up of the American man is extremely trying. Here, contrary to the average American notion, there is very little formality of any kind; too little, many people think in these days of what is known as the "rat-catcher" style of dress adopted by the Englishman. Such things as card leaving and calling are rapidly going out of fashion, and one is free to do as one chooses. If I desire to entertain at luncheon, I can ask whom I choose, provided, however, that there is something beyond food to offer. Authors, actors, poets, playwrights, statesmen, men of business, distinguished foreigners, the delightful members of your Royal Family, all mix and meet here on terms that at first amaze the Americans.

Non at home I have to deal with people who are all shaped in the same mould; for, able, virile, and splendid as the American man is en masse, you will realize that there are very few outstanding individualities in that population of ninety millions.

Your political world, too, possesses a charm which, alas! is not yet possible in America. The idea of a younger son of an American aristocratic family taking part in the management of national affairs is almost impossible on that side of the water. Mr. Roosevelt was a notable, a fine, exception. Of late years we have got to regard politics as a trade, and a pretty bad one at that.

In London I am not perpetually stared at, telephoned at, written at, paraphrased at, and libelled.

The afternoon is spent here in any of a hundred pleasant ways, and an intellectual dinner is enjoyed without mention of stocks and shares.

I have only one objection to your English life, and that is your super-tax on the wealthy man, which we are still, I am glad to say, able to avoid in the United States.

Now compare my day in the particular American city which was my headquarters. I lived latterly in a painful hotel, beautiful in design, in mechanical comfort far superior to anything in England, but over-decorated, over-heated, over-noised, and with very little of the milk of human kindness about it. Just as it takes half an hour to get shaved in America, so does it take twice as long to be waited on at table. The waste of time on these matters is intolerable to one accustomed to the quickness of London. I am barely awake when I am, once a week at least, beset by reporters asking for information in regard to the affairs of my friends. As like as not, were I to say a word—which I do not do—it would be twisted and distorted. Fortunately, I established such a reputation for never speaking to the newspapers that even when interviews are ascribed to me no friends know they have not taken place.

Hastening down town to attend to the affairs of the corporations with which I am connected, I am snap-shotted by photographers, worried by impetuous acquaintances, harassed by time-wasters all day long, so that concentration of business is almost impossible. I am glad to return at night to my noisy hotel to seek a little relaxation in a quiet dinner and a game of bridge with a few friends—which gets into the newspapers as a huge gambling gathering.

I have said nothing of your public school and university education; nothing of the impenetrable quiet national spirit of England—too self-deprecating, too much inclined to put its worst foot forward; I have said too little of the fact that a man is received here for what he is, and not for what he is worth.

The Magnanimity of Mrs. Stallablass

By E. M. CHARMON

From Lady's Realm

"I DON'T want her," said Mrs. Stallablass unhappily.

"Then don't have her," said Dr. Stallablass, with masculine finality.

"But it seems so unkind—when I've no reason!" faltered Mrs. Stallablass.

"Plenty of reason!" said Dr. Stallablass crisply. "She bullied you when you were at school together. Your mother says that she was the most unpleasant visitor she ever had, when you were grown up. And I'm hanged if I ever met a kinder woman in my life than I thought her, the only time she has ever been to see you since we were married."

"She was always—bent," murmured Mrs. Stallablass faintly.

"Bent? I call it something more than bluntness to tell a man to his face that his name sounded as if it belonged to a comic character in Dickens! And I never saw you more nearly angry than what she said about the children!"

"It was silly of me to mind so much," Mrs. Stallablass apologized. "If you remember, all that she said was that she never thought a straight-haired child worth looking at. Of course, she has such pretty hair herself—I believe it runs in her family. And I'm afraid she will think me so unkind. You see, she asks if we can give her lunch, as she is passing through—"

"I suppose her trains don't connect well," said Dr. Stallablass. "As for being unkind, you couldn't be unkind

if you tried, Emmy. Oh, have her by all means, if you want to! It won't affect me particularly."

"I should like to see the little girl," said Mrs. Stallablass, obviously beginning to turn over in her conscientious little mind a form of answer that should be at once truthful and polite.

"Let's hope her hair is as straight as the proverbial poker!" said Dr. Stallablass vindictively; whereat Mrs. Stallablass was mildly shocked.

The formidable visitor had given as little notice as possible of her coming—only just time, in fact, to answer her note by return of post, turn out the drawing-room, clean the silver, get out the best glass and china, and send for the girl's white frocks from the laundress. Mrs. Stallablass superintended their toilet on the eventful morning, in a nervous flutter. She had had some thoughts of putting up their thick hair in curl-papers the night before, but had refrained, partly because a similar attempt once before had resulted in an agonizing and mostly failure. Certainly the hair was deplorably straight; but it was thick and long and glossy. Similarly, the white frocks were home-made and very simple, but they were fresh and clean and neat. The anxious eye of Mrs. Stallablass slowly brightened until, falling upon sturdy four-year-old Fion, it fairly beamed. Mrs. de la Bere had at least nothing to compare with him.

"But I never did care for boys. I am so thankful that mine is a girl," Mrs. de la Bere announced casually,

in her high-pitched voice, within three minutes of her arrival. It had a blighting effect; but then so had her whole presence. "She makes me feel as if I were just born!" Dr. Stallablass had commented angrily, on the occasion of her former visit.

She sat on the drawing-room sofa, rustling opulently with each of her restless movements. Her quick, light eyes seemed to take in every detail of the room; penetrating even to the worn place in the carpet, which Mrs. Stallablass thought to have concealed so successfully with a stand of plants. The price of her very hideous hat would have paid for every garment that her hostess was wearing. In fact, she approached so nearly to the fashion-plate ideal, that she was extraordinarily disconcerting; yet less so than the little girl who sat beside her, eyed with astonishment and alarm by the Stallablass children. So far as features went, she was not a pretty child; she was too white, too delicate, too precocious and self-satisfied. But all round her little pale face and escaping under her little Dutch bonnet behind, was a mass of golden curls whose beauty there was no denying. As for her clothes—Mrs. Stallablass, with a quick glance at her own children and back again realized that she had never known the difference that could exist between one white frock and another.

"Won't you come and take your hat off, Florence?" she said; and was instantly given to understand, by a half smile, and a certain tone in Mrs. de la Bere's answer, that she was guilty of a serious breach of etiquette. In a scarlet confusion, she remembered vaguely having read something to that effect in a lady's paper; but it had not occurred to her simple mind to treat an old school-fellow with ceremony.

"I—I don't think I know your little girl's name," she said timidly.

"Daffodil Florence—after me and my favorite flower. My husband insisted; he is so absurdly sentimental!"

said Mrs. de la Bere, with a little tight, complacent smile.

"Wouldn't Daffodil be happier without her bonnet?" said Mrs. Stallablass emboldened to a gentle persistence by a motherly knowledge that her own children would have been utterly miserable if they had sat down to an indoor meal in their outdoor clothes.

But it appeared that the little lady was as great a slave to etiquette as her mother, Mrs. Stallablass, sorry that she had pursued the subject, was thankful to hear the gong sound for lunch.

It seemed to her that everything that could go wrong took a pleasure in doing so. She knew that Mrs. de la Bere's eyes were keenly noting every deficiency; saw that the joint was underdone, the pressed beef home-made, the pudding-plates cold, the jelly limp and tottering. It seemed to her that her little house-parlour naturally so deft and nimble, had never waited so slowly, or left the door open so persistently. She had a presentiment that the subsequent coffee would be a failure. She could have cried, in her nervousness and humiliation.

It was not made easier by Mrs. de la Bere's conversation, which ran exclusively on her own concerns and her perceptions. The only ruffles in the placid sea of her existence seemed to be the uncertain temper of her maid, the extravagance of her chauffeur, and her husband's conviction that the head gardener converted an undue number of peaches to his own ends.

The Stallablass children listened, absorbed, round-eyed, until Dolly, in her excitement, overturned her glass, and made a fine spreading pool of lemonade on the table cloth. Little Miss Daffodil, picking affectedly at her food and leaving half of it, looked across with diabolical surprise; her mother did not try to hide her confounding smile. Mrs. Stallablass felt herself blushing like a girl; it seemed to her that that dreadful meal would never come to an end.

She glanced nervously at her husband, and found in his face the very same look that she most dreaded: a cynical curl that twisted his usually good-tempered mouth into quite a different expression. A certain cold, puzzled look there was too, as he listened to the unending glorification of Vinning Hall. He seemed to be trying, and failing, to place together some half-forgotten memory.

"Shall we go into the drawing-room?" said Mrs. Stallabrass at last, rising with a very hot face; and Mrs. de la Bere flouted out, with the opinion rattle that was beginning to get on the nerves of her hostess.

"Mother—may Daffodil come out and see our gardens?" Molly whispered shyly to her mother.

"Certainly, if she would like to," said Mrs. Stallabrass, with a ridiculous feeling of relief. She could not have believed it possible that a five-year-old child, however well-dressed and supple, could have made her feel so small in her own house.

Mrs. de la Bere did not seem too well pleased with the arrangement. "It is hardly worth while—there is so little time before our train," she said sharply. "Besides, Daffodil will get herself hot and mischievous. She is not used to playing with bigger children." Her tone supplied a less flattering adjective.

"Molly will be very careful with her. She is quite a little mother to the younger ones," said Mrs. Stallabrass, her maternal plumes ruffled.

Mrs. de la Bere sat down on the sofa with a little angry frown, and pulled her spotted veil ostentatiously. No, she would not have any coffee. She made a point of never drinking it in England—unless she was sure it was made by a French cook. The custom was due in ten minutes; and she really must say that it was the dirtiest and stiffest of its kind that she had ever met with. "Really, my dear Emmy, I can't think how you can exist in this sort of a place, where you can hardly get even the bare necessities of life!"

"It is rather necessary, you see, for my husband to live where his practice is," said Mrs. Stallabrass, with something as much like anger as her mild nature could produce.

"Ah—I had forgotten that!" said Mrs. de la Bere, smiling a little, superior, aggravating smile; and she ostentatiously twisted the many rings on her fingers, before putting her gloves on.

"Besides the country round is charming, and I'm sure the children look as if it agreed with them," said Mrs. Stallabrass, unable to resist the suggestion of giving that little snub as she thought of her rose quartette, and then of the little white-faced visitor.

"Oh, I'm sure they look as robust as possible," said Mrs. de la Bere, with a little stifled yawn. "As for the neighborhood—oh yes, I dare say it is pretty enough, but I never think any other part of the country is worth mentioning in the same breath with Devonshire."

As Mrs. Stallabrass could think of nothing else to say, an uncomfortable silence fell. She had never been so thankful to see her husband, who came in, she was surprised to see, with his most agreeable smile.

"I thought it might perhaps interest Mrs. de la Bere to see the real cause—a little hobby of mine," he explained affably. "I've always had a fancy for them, and cultivated them in what spare time I had; and this is really a rather fine specimen. Though probably you can show many better ones at Vinning Hall!"

"No. We have none. I always think them such perfectly hideous flowers that I won't let the gardeners grow any," said Mrs. de la Bere agreeably; but she rose, however, with sufficient alacrity. Dr. Stallabrass was a very personable man, and could make himself vastly pleasant when he was so minded.

"I will go and fetch Daffodil," said Mrs. Stallabrass, and departed gladly from her guests' society.

The garden was long and narrow,

and the children's part, screened by trees and a thick yew hedge, was quite out of sight; but Mrs. Stallabrass had no sooner opened the door than her ears were greeted by an appalling series of shrieks, coming from that invisible distance.

"Children! Children!" cried Mrs. Stallabrass; and was answered by a horrified chorus of "Oh, mother!"

And indeed Mrs. Stallabrass, almost as paralyzed as the children, could do nothing else but look, with eyes growing momentarily more amazed. For the dancing, raging child was not only crumpled and disheveled where she had been an immaculate little fashion-plate, not only red where she had been delicately pale; she was as nearly bald as a five-year-old child could well be. Her little head was only adorned with straggling wisps of scanty, two-colored hair; and the lovely golden curls were all staked neatly into the little Dutch bonnet.

"Come, dry your own eyes, like a big girl," said Mrs. Stallabrass, producing her handkerchief. With dexterous hands she whisked the Dutch bonnet and the curls into place, and tied the strings, and straightened the silk frock.

"Daffodil! Daffodil, where are you?"

"Just coming," Mrs. Stallabrass called back again. She could meet Mrs. de la Bere's eyes with all her accustomed placidity now; it was surprising to her that she had been so shy and nervous.

"You look ridiculously young, Emmy, to be the mother of all these big children!" said Mrs. de la Bere, with a sudden softening of her hard voice, as she kissed her good-bye. "And your second girl is really quite pretty—or would be, if her hair weren't so deplorably straight!"

Mrs. Stallabrass's lips twitched a very little. "Yes; it is a pity," she said; and looked down very demurely at Daffodil's yellow curls.

"You must be sure to look us up if

you are ever near Meltonton," Mrs. de la Bere added graciously, as she picked up her skirts preparatory to stepping into the cab.

"Meltonton?" exclaimed Dr. Stallabrass. A great elation seized him, and the puzzled look left his face. "Why, that is what has been worrying me all the time you have been here! I was sure I had heard before of Vinning Hall, but it was your name that puzzled me!"

"My husband does a good deal of public work in the neighborhood," said Mrs. de la Bere largely; but her eyes flickered.

"Public work! Ha, ha! Excellent! And they say that women have no sense of humor!" cried Dr. Stallabrass, with an excited laugh. "Why, your husband and I were at school together. We used to call him Swipes!"

With a flash of helpful eyes, a flutter of offended skirts, and a very red face, Mrs. de la Bere was gone.

"His name was Beer in those days—almost impossible appropriate for a brewer," said Dr. Stallabrass, returning to his wife with an expression of mellowed rapacity. "I hadn't heard that he had changed it—but, of course, that was Maudlin's doing. It was not till she mentioned the name of the place where they live—"

"Oh, just, you should not have teased her so! Poor Florence—she will never forgive you!"

"That won't trouble me much," said Dr. Stallabrass comfortably. "And really, Emmy, you could hardly expect me to keep such an excellent joke to myself after the way she had treated us—What are you smiling at?"

"Only at Daffodil's curls," said Mrs. Stallabrass demurely; and then proceeded to unfold her garden experience.

"And you never let her guess that you knew?" cried Dr. Stallabrass. "Well, I always said that my wife was the most remarkable woman in England!"

The Story of My First Success

By E. H. SHACKLETON

From M. A. P.

I REALLY do not know anything of a first success, though I am quite well aware that the people who have been good enough to concern themselves with my work would consider that I ought to regard my Antarctic expedition in that light. And, indeed, I feel that it has been successful, but it was not the work of a moment.

Success in an expedition of that sort can only be gained by two great forces. The first of these is attention to detail and organization, and the second to the co-operation of good men. The good men I certainly had with me, so that if the expedition is my first success, they share it with me.

All success, however, has its limitations, and a man may do good work without of necessity considering that it is a "first" success. For my own part, I believe that when a man begins his life work young, and

has the definite carrying out of an object in view for which he feels fitted, his success must come gradually and he quite unlike that indefinite thing which is the result say, of putting one's money on a race-horse or into a gold mine and saying that that speculation or investment was one's first success.



LIEUT. E. H. SHACKLETON
WITH HIS MEN AT A NEW RECORD IN SOUTH
POLAR EXPLORATION

I know that the expedition has been successful, but I should be inclined to say that my first success came when I read in the *Geographical Journal* that the National Antarctic expedition was going to start. I mean the first expedition that went out under the command of Captain Scott. At that time I was on board a troopship conveying troops to South Africa. During a period of eight or nine months, whenever I returned home, I tried to become a member of that expedition.

Eventually, as you know, my application was accepted, and I was

taken on. As you ask, I may tell you it was no mere-born or sudden desire, for I have always been interested in Polar exploration. I can date my first interest in the subject to the time when I was about ten. So great was my interest that I had read almost everything about North and South Polar exploration.

When, therefore, this opportunity of going with Captain Scott presented itself, I naturally tried to take advantage of it. One thing in my favor was that I had been a sailor since I was sixteen. I had been all over the world in all sorts of ships—sailing ships, tramp steamers, troopships, mailboats, ships carrying submarine cable, and so on. I had, in fact, been round the world four times, and could also claim to know something of navigation, having navigated a tramp steamer twice round the world.

In my early seafaring days I had learnt to handle boats on the coast of Chili, where we had to go through the surf, which was very heavy, and where the rocks are very dangerous. This experience I found very useful when, in the middle of the night on March 17th, 1902, I had to take a boat to find a party of our men who had been lost in a blizzard. We set out in the middle of the night, with a very cold temperature, and the sea all massed up with broken ice.

In connection with my South African troopship work, it may interest you to know I made my first plunge into literary work by writing a book on the transport service. It was called "O.H.M.S.," and it had a practical bearing on my life, and I may, therefore, refer to it here in this very personal record which I make under a certain feeling not of compulsion, yet of regard for the firm which publishes M.A.P. The public will readily understand what this feeling is when I explain certain facts.

I was selected to go on the Southern journey towards the barrier with

Captain Scott and Captain Wilson, when we went away for ninety-three days and reached the most southerly point up to that time. Scabby broke out and affected me so badly that I was invalided home. I should like to pause here for a moment to set right a matter which has often been wrongly written about.

Certain papers have said that on the return journey I was hauled back on the sledge. This is not so. I was very much "knocked out," and it was always on the cards that I should not get through. In spite of my illness, however, I managed to march back. I could not pull my load, and so could not ease the burden of my comrades.

This time on my own expedition, except for an attack of diphtheria and heart failure, from the effects of falling one night on a glacier, I was absolutely all right and as fit as could be when I got to the end of the journey, though I had lost three stones in weight from the time I had set out. In that, however, I was not singular, for every one of the men with me also lost weight.

After I was invalided home, I became assistant editor of the *Royal Magazine*, which is published by Messrs. Pearson, who also publish M.A.P., and it is this feeling of loyalty to the firm I served which has overcome my scruples about talking of such a thing as personal success. After leaving Messrs. Pearson, I was appointed secretary and treasurer of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. I, however, gave up this post on being asked to contest Dundee at the last General Election. It was a forlorn hope, but was amusing in many ways, for the Dundee people are noted hecklers. Throughout the whole of the contest I received the warmest courtesy from the opposite side.

On one occasion when I had to address a meeting I missed my train, and had to take a special to get

through. I arrived at the hall just in time to hear the chairman apologizing for my absence. I, however, made my speech. What my opponents thought of it was voiced by one of them, who got up and said: "He took a special train to get here, and when he got here what did he say? nothing."

I need scarcely remind you that I was defeated, and I have one personal assistant to Mr. William Henderson, the head of the firm of great arm-plate makers and hat-finish builders, and he was one of my principal supporters in the expedition, and helped me in financing it.

The financing of the expedition was no easy matter, and getting the money for it might almost be regarded as my first success. I wore out a good deal of shoe-leather in London and elsewhere, going to see people, and I spent many postage stamps in writing letters to get others to help the new expedition. I, however, obtained little assistance from most of those to whom I applied. I was sufficiently fortunate, however, to find enough people to believe in me and to guarantee me a large part of the money required for the enterprise. These guarantees will now be paid off by me. This, I hope, will be done by my lectures and by the sale of my book which will be published later in the year.

Some other money I obtained from relations and friends, but the only public assistance I received were sums of £4,000 from the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia, and £1,000 from the New Zealand Government. In addition to the £4,000, the New Zealand Government paid half the towing of the Nimrod from New Zealand to the ice, and gave free port dues and every possible assistance to the expedition. The interest and enthusiasm displayed in Australia and New Zealand towards our work were among the most marked features of

the whole expedition, and we who took part in it will never cease to appreciate them.

On these guarantees and the funds I have mentioned, I opened a little office in London, and, with the assistance of one man, Mr. Alfred Reid, I set about preparing the expedition. Having the equipment in our own hands and not having to wait for committees, we naturally got ahead very quickly. The formal announcement that the Antarctic expedition was to start was made on February 14th, and on the following August 6th we sailed from Crona after their Majesties had inspected the ship and the Queen had entrusted to us her Union Jack to carry to the South. On January 1st, 1908, at 4 p.m. we cast off from New Zealand.

I naturally cannot go into the details of the expedition here. The work that has been done is already known in outline, and the full narrative will appear before the end of the year. The scientific results will take longer to prepare, and therefore to publish; but, in talking of the success of the expedition, I must mention that it is not my success alone for I am not "the only pebble on the beach." It was due to the many of purpose, the friendliness of self, the desire to give and take of the fourteen men who were on the shore party with me, and the twenty-two men on the ship which made the expedition as successful as it has been generously described to me by the world.

If I went into the mental of the work and energy, the thought and endeavor, of my comrades, I could fill pages of M. A. P. before I did justice to them. Here, I can only say I owe them a debt of gratitude as the leader of the party, and the world, which will prove in time from the scientific work done on the expedition, will recognize that they are responsible in the greatest pos-

sible measure for the work which was carried through. With regard to the success, I recognize, as every man must recognize, that the pioneer of every movement is largely responsible for the success of those who follow him.

Captain Scott was the pioneer of Antarctic travel, and the experience gained with him proved most useful to me, though my course lay well to the east of the Discovery's journey. Still, the barrier surface presented somewhat similar features to what it did on the last Southern journey I was on, though the snow was undoubtedly deeper this time.

Tennyson says in "Ulysses":

"All experience is an arch where through,
Gleams that untraveled world,
whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

Our southern work, based on the experience of the past, proves the truth enshrined in those words. It also proved our indebtedness to Dr. Nansen. He was the inventor of the sledge, which, with slight modifications, we used, and he was the inventor of the cooker we took with us.

It only weighed about 15 lbs., and 94 per cent. of the heat generated was used. Indeed, while Nansen may be said to be directly responsible for the large amount of knowledge we have of the North Polar regions, he is indirectly responsible for the length of journeys, dependent on efficiency of equipment in the South Polar regions.

Down south every man had his own cubicle which he decorated in his own particular way. One of them was exceedingly devoted to the career of Napoleon, and was a great authority on the Napoleonic period. He decorated the partition of his cubicle with a portrait of his hero. When we returned from one journey

he found that an artist had made Napoleon's nose red and had painted fires about his feet. When the owner of the cubicle returned and saw the changes that had been made, he promptly remanded the picture Sir Hudson Lowe.

Many people have naturally been curious about our going without a bath for over 120 days. To a certain extent we were prepared for this, for in the hut we washed only once a week, if at all. On the march we had no inclination to wash, even if we could have done so. The cold, however, prevented that. Indeed, we never took our clothes off during the whole time. You must remember that one does not need washing in the Antarctic, for there is no dust, and we never got dirty. We might have washed our hands and face but we didn't, for it was much too cold, and it would have used up our valuable oil.

The question of temperature naturally suggests that of food. I have been asked very often whether our appetites increased as we went south. Our rations certainly decreased. We started out with ninety-one days' provisions, and we spun this out for 125 days. In the original ration with which we began we had thirty-two ounces. Meat, however, did not play a very large part in it. The instinct in the Antarctic is for heating foods—Plasmon chocolate, cheese, butter. We also took pemmican, which was made in Copenhagen, where they probably know more about it than anywhere else. Nansen's and the National Antarctic expeditions' pemmican was made there.

On the march, for lunch, we used to have chocolate four days a week and cheese three days. We all much preferred the chocolate days, and greatly enjoyed our two sticks, which was our ration, and which we found highly nutritious. One point which struck us all was how man's

attitude towards food alters as he goes south. At the beginning, a man might have been something of an epicure, but we found that before he got very far even raw horse-meat tasted very good.

It may interest you to hear that in Sydney on my return from this expedition I had a very large audience—over 4000 people in the town hall—and this is a contrast to a lecture I gave in Leith a few years ago. I hired the hall and advertised my lecture. On the evening of the day I drove from my home in Edinburgh, and, instead of finding the place full, as I hoped, I saw one drunken man, two old women, and a couple of boys assembled to hear me.

I went down stairs and asked the cabman whether he would not like to come to the lecture. He thanked me, but assured me that he would rather not, as he was "very comfortable where he was."

Eventually about twenty people turned up, and to them I delivered my lecture. When I went home I related my experience to my wife, and we went into a calculation that I had spent something like seven pounds in hiring the hall and advertising the lecture, and that all I was likely to receive was twenty-five shillings. "No," said my wife, "you won't get as much, for I sent the maid and the cook to hear you; so that is two shillings off."

Useful Diversions

HERE is an affection in every employment, and it gives the spirit energy, and keeps the mind intent upon its work or study. This, if it be not relaxed, becomes dull, and its earnestness flags—as salt that has lost its savor, so that it has no pungency or relish; or as a bent bow, which, unless it be unbent, loses the power that it derives from its elasticity. Just so the mind, kept from day to day in the same ideas, without variety. So the eyes, when they look only at one object, or continually upon one color, for, to look continually at a thing which is black, or continually at red or at white, destroys the sight. Thus, if one looks continually at the snow, the sight is destroyed, but it is enlivened if he looks in succession at the same time upon many colors. Every town delights by its varieties—as a garland of roses of different colors arranged in beautiful order. Hence it is that the rainbow is more charming than the light itself.—*Lucretius*

Scott: A True Merchant Prince

By THOMAS DREIER

From the Book-Keeper

IT ISN'T often, is it, that a man going quietly about his own business, without making the slightest attempt for public recognition, has thrust upon him honors plus? Yet that is what happened to Scott—George E. Scott, of Prairie Farm, Barron County, Wisconsin.

It was Emerson—and I trust no one will dispute this—who said: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten track to his door." But one man whose early education had not been received in colleges, and who had never had the opportunity of reading Emerson in his early days, did not know this. He did not know that if he built a store just a wee bit better than anyone else had ever built one, he would become a marked man, and would ever after have to stand in the calcium light of public interest.

Scott was 23 years old when he happened into Prairie Farm in 1883. He had been a clerk for several years, and—so folks tell me who used to know him—was a quiet, thoughtful youngster, with whom the women and the little children loved to trade. Little Johnnie Jones with his penny would always exchange it for candy if Scott happened around. The candy, somehow, seemed to taste better when Scott smiled as he handed it out.

Scott, as I said, was a clerk, but he was not a common clerk. He was not one of those fellows whose one de-

sire is to get a check on Saturday night. He never spent his time figuring out how little work he had to do in order to hold his job. He wanted to be a partner. He wanted to be his own boss. He was not quite satisfied with the way the manager ran things. He did not know exactly what was wrong, but he knew several places where changes should be made.

In the course of time there came changes. The old lumber firm, which owned the store and the grist mill, went out of business. Scott was given a chance to buy. Having saved a bit of money and possessing that far more valuable asset, a straight-edge reputation, he was able to become owner. The store prospered. Everybody liked George. He always tried to give the square deal to all, thus anticipating in practice what the name of the Teddy bear has since most persistently advertised by preaching; and, when he counted up receipts at the end of the year, he found it had paid. Other years told the same story. Scott was a success.

It came to him suddenly about twelve years ago that the old store was not what his customers deserved. The folks on the outside of the counter were making the man on the inside rich. For a small town he was being made vulgarly rich. His bank account was leaping upward, and little worry lines began to appear in Scott's face. His money was worth little to him in that small place. He could use only enough for creature comforts—board and clothes and a

house to live in—and there was no one around who cared for show. Of course, he might stay there for a few more years and amass much more money and then move to the city and enjoy the "advantages."

But the advantages of the city did not appeal to Scott. A man who has always lived in the country and who knows the joys of hearing the hearty "Good morning, George," and who has felt the honest grasp of a man who works near the soil, does not care much for the veneer of the city. Besides, there was in Scott a certain Thoreau-like quality to which the fresh air and sunshine and the great out-of-doors irresistibly appealed. No city could give him those advantages. And so Scott decided to stay.

He promised himself always to make Prairie Farm his home. He promised himself that he would do all in his power to make it a desirable place in which to live. "I'll have to build a new store," said he; "this old one is a disgrace to the firm. It's a queer thing that some of the owners—some of the customers who are furnishing me the money—do not protest. Perhaps they know no better."

And the customers didn't. They had never been used to anything else, and the time when the gaily colored mail-order catalogue came in by the sack full was not yet. This was twelve years ago.

"I guess I'll buy that three acres and a half, Charley," he said one afternoon, as he and one of his clerks were sitting in front of the old building. Scott pointing to the plot across the road. "I'm going to have a nice store put up there one of these days. But I cannot tell what kind of a store it will be. Business is a bit dull just now, so I'll take a little trip around the country, just to get ideas, you know."

And so the boss went sightseeing. He visited all the towns round about. He loafed in all the stores, and when the proprietors were not busy he took them off into a corner and told them things and asked questions. For

the most part he asked questions. The proprietors always told what finely arranged stores they had. Scott said nothing. But he never left without talking to the clerks. The clerks told him the truth. No one ever thinks of lying to Scott. They showed him where changes could be made, and if they got real chummy, they used to tell what they intended to do when they built their own stores—those stores they were to build a little later on, when they had saved a bit more money, you know.

The man from Prairie Farm absorbed all this. He also made notes. His ideas grew larger. The new store he had in mind when he left home dwindled down and soon faded from sight. Scott went back and said to the clerks:

"Building a store that will suit me, suit you, and suit the customers, is quite an undertaking. It is more serious than I at first supposed. I guess we won't be in any great hurry about it. But this I want all of you to do: Keep thinking all the time about building a store that would suit you exactly, and when you have it clearly in mind tell me all about it. If we work together we will get what we want."

And they all worked together. Everybody helped. In the winter, when the snow and wind swept over the prairie and kept trade away, Scott and his clerks used to gather round the stove and the fun they used to have planning the new store was almost as good as holding *Middie's* jump in their hands. It seemed as if they had to do no more than rub something and wish, and the store would appear by magic. It was heaps of fun. But the fun could not be compared to the good fellowship, the brotherhood, that was then formed. For nine years this planning kept up. Then came the time when the beautiful dream was to materialize. The design had been decided upon. It was something new, something unique. No store building in America was



GEORGE SCOTT

there to be found that resembled it. The man from Prairie Farm was a pioneer. He was the light preparing the way.

The design selected was copied from one of those old Spanish missions which at one time dotted Southern California. And when Scott selected it he "struck thirteen." He did not know his building was to be a mission where would be preached a gospel of beauty and utility that would influence a mighty business world. He built wiser than he knew. That he could one day be hailed as the greatest country merchant of his time never for a moment entered his head. He

was not trying to give to his friends a building such as they deserved. He did his work as well as he knew how. That is all. Those who came and saw did the rest.

"We have waited many years to perfect our plans," said Scott one day to his friends, the clerks, "and we'll not spoil them by rushing the work along. We can wait a year or so longer in order to get the best—the best there is. All of us deserve the best the world can give us—when we earn it. And I guess we have worked well enough and hard enough to deserve what we have coming."

It took two years to build the new

space, but Prairie Farm folks enjoyed those two years more than they care to tell of now. They had heaps of fun with Scott. They called him a fool, and those not so harsh called him a ducamus. But Scott smiled that inscrutable smile of his and kept right on at work.

"The idea," said the cronkers, "of putting up a store like that out here in the country! What is Scott thinking of? Why, he'll put up such a high-toned place that the farmers won't go near it. He'll bankrupt himself if he don't watch out."

But Scott did not bankrupt himself.

"The store I am building over there," said Scott to a number of farmers with whom he was talking one morning just after they had unloaded their milk at the creamery—"that store I am building is your store. I've been thinking a great deal about this matter for a long time. It has come to me forcibly that without you fellows I could do nothing. I have depended upon you all these years and you have depended upon me. We have been useful to one another. I served you as well as I could, and you have paid me well for that service. You have paid me so well that I am able to build a store such as exists in no other small town in the country."

"Now, I am not building this store because I want to erect a monument to myself; I am not building this store because it will enable me to make more money than I have been making; but I am building it in this way because I feel you fellows deserve it. When I started this work I had no such thought in mind, but it has come to me during the days I have been dreaming."

It was the people Scott had in mind when he made his plans for the best store in the state. He was considering their comfort and the comfort of his clerks. He recognized what few storekeepers ever recognize, that his success had been made possible wholly because of the assistance of his cus-

tomers and the help of his clerks. By himself he could have done nothing.

Thus it was he built a store resembling a Spanish mission at a cost of \$300,000. It is set in the centre of a three and one-half acre square, and is reached by wide driveways which thread their way between shrubs and flowers. The building is 80 by 110 feet in size and has a basement ten feet from its cement floor to its ceiling of solid plaster. The ground floor salesroom is sixteen feet in height, with a steel ceiling, a large, well-lighted, airy room, clean as those who love cleanliness can make it. The second story is finished as if for a child's nursery. It is all in white. And when it is said that Scott never has to send a clerk ahead of him to clean up when company comes, some idea of the cleaning-up system may be had.

The building has its own gas plant, and the merry gurgle of the steam in the radiators in the cold winter makes the clerks think of the time long ago when they used to gather round the log stove in the old building to dream of the good days in the future. And, it is said, no clerk has yet been found whose dream even approached that of the Boss.

Those who dream of the time when employer and employe will live in absolute harmony, or, better still, when there shall no longer be any distinction between those who lead and those who follow, cannot imagine conditions any more ideal than those prevailing in the Scott store. The clerks are perfectly contented. When Scott planned the store he reached back to his own experience and dwell upon the troubles he used to have working behind narrow counters. "The clerks have to be here longer than the customers," said he to himself. "They deserve the greater conveniences. I will see that they have all the room they need back of the counters, so that one may pass another without touching." And it was so done. There is as much room for the clerks as there is in most stores for the customers. Thick of the counter it is



HOME STORE, PRAIRIE FARM, WISCONSIN

always just as clean as it is in front. There is no hypocrisy about the store of Scott. Everything is on the square, an outward manifestation of the inner make-up of its owner.

And the women, too, were provided for. A beautiful toilet room fitted up with all the latest conveniences, including hot and cold water and plenty of towels, is given them. What this means to those hard-working bearers of children of this northern country, after driving many miles over the prairie, may be imagined.

But the place to wash up and make themselves clean is not all that Scott did for them. He remembered how they used to come into his store and sit around on the cracker boxes, trying to get a bit of rest before starting their shopping. And he remembered, also, that many of them brought their lunches with them. Thus, there appeared in his new building a large room fitted up with couches and chairs and tables, a room devoted wholly to the women and children. Here there were all the monthly magazines, and picture books, for the children were not absent. This room belonged to the women absolutely. Only

the women clerks ever entered it. It was as sacred to the women as their own homes. Is it any wonder Scott gets the trade?

For the men there was also a room. This was clean and convenient, but there is lacking those little refinements which make the women's apartments such a cozy place. Toilet facilities are provided, and there are seats where they may sit and discuss the crops or the countless other things which occupy the thoughts of the farmers.

But it is out in the big salesroom that you would delight in staying. Clean it is as the kitchen of a careful New England housewife. It is finished entirely in birch, and the hand-rubbed finish makes it shine and glister like the interior of a parlor-car. The counters were made especially for this room. Nothing was picked out of a catalogue and used because it was expensive. Scott had taste, although he would probably deny that if put on the witness stand.

Mirrors multiply the charms of the place, and unkind folks say Scott placed them there merely to attract the women! Seats and couches are

to be found in all the "hole" books and covers, and there are no signs around the place telling the clerks these resting-places are for customers only.

The absence of signs and advertising matter of all kinds is one of the things that instantly strikes the visitor entering the Scott store. There are no directions to anyone. There are no "Don't" signs around. The beauty of the place serves as its greatest protection. Not a farmer enters the place but first wipes his feet on the large mat at the door.

arrange the grounds. In the summer time there are beds of flowers in continual bloom, and out under the shade of the trees are resting places where the mothers and the children may while away the waiting hours.

Of course you will ask: "Does all this pay?" And that was just what I asked Mr. Scott. But there was no need of asking the question after knowing the man responsible for it all. He breathes success. Not the success of the city man who rides rough-shod over his competitors, but the success

others happy. He believes much in the preachment of "An Apology for Idlers," an essay written by one Robert Louis, called the "Well Beloved." To be happy is the mission of Scott, and he has discovered there is no true happiness outside of service to one's fellow men. "The greatest among ye shall be your servant," remembers Scott. And he has served.

His friends have twice sent him to the State Legislature to look after their interests there, and no opposition was offered. Everybody trusts Scott, and few there are who do not call him by his first name—to be called by one's first name by several thousand persons is no mean honor.

Yes, Scott has been a success. He has taught to the world better merchandising. He has dignified his calling. He has been a pioneer, a Voice crying in the wilderness. Because of his store in Prairie Farm, Wis., Scott

has sent messages of hope throughout the world, and no one will ever know what an inspiration he has been, not even Scott himself.

He will continue to live his own life there among his friends in the little country village. And when the Last Invitation comes it will find Scott ready, with the smile of one who has done his work as well as he knew how and who has been more than fairly kind.

Scott is preaching the practical religion, the religion which, we hope, will be the religion of the future. His store has done this weary old world more good, and his unconscious preaching has sent home more truths than many churches, whose business it is to make men better. Scott has raised the ideals of his community until they have overflowed and spread throughout the length and breadth of the land.



CORNER IN PRIVATE SETS OF HON. SCOTT

Back of the store are the stables. Here are kept the teams of all customers, free of charge. These stables did away with the posts which always are to be found in front of country stores. They are so large and roomy that one may drive in with large wagons and protect their contents from the rain. Toilet rooms may be found here also.

The grounds are beautifully laid out. Nearly one thousand arbutus vines line the drives which wind in and out, just as one finds them around public buildings where men of taste

of a man who has read "The Law of Love" as touched into English by William Marion Reedy.

Scott loves his fellowmen. Not with a sentimental love, mind you. It is a love which folks do not analyze. It is a love such rare in these competitive, commercial days, for it is based wholly upon the Golden Rule, and folks who have tried the Golden Rule is the one rule that needs no amendment.

Scott has been a success in more than a financial way. He has been a greater success in making himself and

Work for Yourself

WORK for yourself. Don't do your best to please some boss or foreman or superintendent or president. That's a hireling trick. Do your best because you cannot afford to do less; because you owe it to your self-respect. Merit your own esteem. Dig for it. Do your own fault-finding with your work. You know it best. You can see the flaws quicker than any one else. Don't hide them. Talk about them if you must talk about your work. Let others discover the merits, if they exist. Shut your ears to praise. Why should you be pleased that your work finds favor in the eyes of others? Who are you working for anyway, the other fellow or yourself? Stick to that point of view. That way freedom lies, for no man who works for himself is dependent. Make your employer dependent upon you. That will put you beyond the reach of dyspeptic caprice. Men who are afraid of their jobs are plenty; men who idealize their work are mighty scarce, and all the arrogance in the world cannot change the man who works for himself into a trembling, cringing wretch.

Municipal and Local Government.

Lessons From Chicago in City Planning—American Review of Reviews
 Beer and the City: Liquor Problem @ R. Toronto—McClure's
 The Minister of English Courts: John May—McClure's

Traveling at one Layover: Editor General This Day A. Magnum—Hampden's Magazine
 Lifting the Curse from Kansas: G. W. Ogden—Hampden's Magazine
 Organized Citizenship: Fighting for a Better City: D. R. Hunt—World To Day
 Antennae: Will You go to a Public House: At and Outdoors—World To Day
 The First Police Headquarters in the World: P. M. White—Hampden's Magazine (Aug. 14)

Nature and Outdoor Life.

Do Plants Think? Fern: Collier—American House and Garden
 In the Face of Dr. Remond: Woods—American House and Garden
 A Cuck in the Canadian Prairie: Lawrence H. Tucker—Travel Magazine
 The Call of the Out at Doors: Bradford Lee—Out-South
 Rodeo—John Gray—Everybody's

Political and Commercial.

House Rule and the Nation—Outlook (Aug. 14)
 Women and Public Affairs Under the Sun: Republic Press Press—Advertiser's
 Affairs at Washington: Joe Campbell—National Magazine
 Canada's Inefficient Congress—American Review of Reviews
 The Revolution in Persia—American Review of Reviews
 China and the United States vs. Russia—American Review of Reviews
 David Hooper and the British Budget: M. P. Richardson—Review of Reviews
 An Englishman's Impression of American Rule in Cuba: Sir Henry Johnson—McClure's
 Will Japan Do, Not Want to Fight: Thomas W. Gray—Hampden's Magazine
 Being a Woman Legislator: Anna E. LaBrie—Advertiser
 The Verger: Kate Strickland—World To Day
 The Creation of Law in San Francisco—World To Day
 The Primitive Tardis and Modern Regiments—World To Day.

Railroad and Transportation.

Railroads of Europe: The Boston Standard—Mead's Magazine
 The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Its Past—World To Day.

Science and Invention.

An Invention That Saves Both His Pigeons—Just one World
 An Engineer and His Life Work—American Review of Reviews.
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New Time for Building Construction: G. E. Mitchell—American Review of Reviews
 American Men of Science and the Question of Heredity: Dr. Frederick Adams Woods—Scientist
 The Acoustical Conference at Vienna: Professor Roth—Scientist

The Stage.

The Theatrical Southland from the Outside: J. J. Shubert—Red Kissing Post (Aug. 14)
 The Flying Machine: Arthur Kesteven—English Illustrated (Aug. 14)
 Phos and Phos: A First Night—London's Review in Opera: Robert Hughes—Smith's
 The Moving Picture Show, the New Form of Drama for the Millions: William A. Johnson—Mead's
 Kicking Out: American Drama By a Professor: Play Doctor—Mead's
 Made Actors as John of Arc. at Harvard—World To Day
 An Actress and Her Part: Blanche Bates—Country Life in America

Travel and Description.

A Rock in Canadian Back Woods: Darin Watson—Red and Green
 Before the C.P.R. and Now: North Western—Red and Green
 A Motor Trip to the Backwoods: Darin Watson—Red and Green
 Travelling From Seattle to Brooklyn: L. E. Rose—Travel
 Travelling the Range Around Vancouver: A. E. Granger—Scientist
 Holidaying on the British Columbia Coast—London Magazine
 Sunset on the South Fork: Lorne Shedd—Scientist
 Gavey and Exploration in the Northwest and Lake Region: Central Africa—Geographical Journal
 The Land of Opportunity: John Kimberley—Scientist—Hampden's Magazine (Aug. 14)
 The Transcendence of Lake Champlain—World To Day.

Women and the Home.

Problems in Home Furnishing: Alice M. Kellogg—American House and Garden
 Advances in Home Making: R. Shubert—Scientist
 The British Girl: Constance Elizabeth R. Strutton—London Magazine
 Letters of a College Girl: Phoebe Green—Red and Green
 The Purple Park House: Eugene Wood—McClure's
 Will I Will Not Let Me: Daphne go to Philadelphia—Ladies' Home Journal
 The Sweetest of Mothers: Charlotte R. Conner—Ladies' Home Journal
 Women Who Have Made us Their Makers: Anna R. Hanson—Ladies' Home Journal
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